Photo *Bassano.*

To charm you for a little while
I bring the tribute of a smile,
And should you be
Inspired with gratitude, and burn,
Mayhap, to make some small return—
Smile back at me!

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By permission of A. Vivian Mansell & Co., 21 & 22 Chapel St., E.C.

"LADY AND CHILD FEEDING RABBITS."

From a Painting by G. Sheridan Knowles.

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FROM ~ THE ~ STALLS

Photo *Bassano.*

EVELYN HOPE,

A Beautiful Aspirant to Histrionic Fame.

Miss Evelyn Hope is just twenty, and of German extraction.

She is of the handsome, tall, statuesque type, eminently suitable for the class of play in which she has already achieved a good measure of success, which is the grandiose, the spectacular.

Miss Hope took part in "Tristram and Iseult," and was a prominent figure in the chorus of "The Virgin Goddess." She is a girl of great ambition.

"Anything to do with the stage," she says, "is of such tremendous importance to me; my one ambition is to play big parts."

One ambition of this size is enough. She is certainly a girl of handsome presence, and, being Teutonic, has probably a goodly strain of dogged persistence. She may turn out to be a second Lily Hanbury. Who knows?

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Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*

F. R. BENSON,

A Trainer of Celebrities.

If ever a man deserved to be called a parent of actors and actresses that man is Mr. F. R. Benson. To give a list of London successes who were first put on the right road by him would be to give a great deal more space than at present can be spared. Suffice to quote Mr. Oscar Asche, Miss Lily Brayton, Mr. Henry Ainley, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Miss Nancy Price as examples, but a couple of score would probably not exhaust the list.

Mr. Benson is an Oxford man, and was famous as an athlete, especially as a runner. He was beaten in the Inter-'Varsity three mile race by the Cambridge man, and then and there took a vow not to shave himself or visit the barber until he had won that race.

This necessitated the growth of hair and beard for a year at the very least. He kept his vow, and twelve months later won the race all right.

The barber's sense of personal injury and loss when Mr. Benson at length presented himself can better be imagined than described.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield*

GERTIE MILLAR,

Who Makes the "Gaiety" Gay.

She is a Yorkshire girl, with a beauty very typical of that county. She had a hard struggle at the first, but her great chance occurred in "The Toreador," with the song "Keep Off the Grass." Since then she has made a tremendous reputation in musical comedy, and has become a foremost favourite on picture postcards.

How important she is in a play can be gathered from the fact that the production of "The Girls of Gottenburg" had to be postponed from the Saturday to the following Wednesday owing to an accident which unfortunately occurred to her at the dress rehearsal. While dancing she twisted her ankle so severely that, overcome with the pain, she fell fainting on the stage.

Miss Millar has recently scored another triumph as "Our Miss Gibbs."

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Photo *The General Pictorial Agency.*

SAHARET,

A Famous Australian Danseuse.

Her face is a perfect oval, her head is very small and covered with a cloud of glossy black ringlets, poised upon a neck of perfect classic contour—in short, she is a very lovely woman of twenty-six.

When her resemblance to the Empress Josephine was suggested she smiled and did not deny the comparison.

"But if I had been Josephine," she burst out with a touch of Latin fire, "Napoleon should never have left me for Marie Louise; and then, who knows, he might not have had to go to St. Helena after all."

Saharet was born in Australia, her father being English and her mother French. Up to now most of her triumphs have been achieved on the Continent.

It is to be hoped she will visit England a little oftener, for she is a dancer of superb natural grace, and a mistress of technique.

Her portrait has been painted by Lenbach, a famous German artist, and thousands of reproductions have been made from it.

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Photo H. B. Marinelli Ltd.

BARLEY'S DOGS,

A Wonderful Canine Orchestra.

Of Barley's Dogs it cannot safely be said that they are the only animal orchestra extant, but they are certainly among the cleverest, and most amusing. The orchestra is a good-sized one, but a regard for truth compels us to add that the larger number of players are mechanical figures.

There are, however, four very lively and genuine representatives of the bulldog breed, fine fellows, enthusiastic musicians to all appearances.

As for the conductor-dog, he is a perfect wonder—quite a popular figure at the Empire a short time back. A remarkable point about him is his unique natural sense of rhythm and time. His conducting is quite spontaneous, and he is not assisted by any extraneous prompting from the manager of the troupe.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

EVELYN MILLARD

In "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."

Miss Evelyn Millard is one of our few emotional actresses, the creator of such famous parts as Lady Ursula in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," the title part in "Miss Hobbs," and Cho-Cho-San in "Madame Butterfly." She had the good fortune to possess a father who, though not an actor, was perhaps something still more useful to a neophyte, a professor of elocution.

Like most beautiful women in the public eye, she has been the recipient of some extraordinary effusions. One, from an insane Theosophist, set forth in unintelligible jargon why the writer considered himself the astral mate of Miss Millard. He ended by commanding her in ludicrous phraseology to wed him in accordance with the dictates of the unseen universe.

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Photo *Bassano.*

BILLIE BURKE,

An Anglo-American Favourite.

Miss Billie Burke is American, and claims to be a descendant of Edmund Burke.

"I hope one day," she says, "to discover that I possess some of his oratorical ability—so useful if ever I should become a Suffragette!" For Heaven's sake don't, Miss Burke, we couldn't bear it!

People think Billie is a nickname, but this is not the case; she was christened Billie.

It was this way. Her father very much desired and fully expected his first-born to be a boy, going as far as to have all the "infantile trousseau" marked in advance "William Burke, junior," and to this day she possesses a silver spoon engraved "W. B."

"My dear father soon realised that I had not done it on purpose, and I am sure he could not have loved me more had I been his son and heir."

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

RUTH VINCENT.

A Charming and Accomplished Singer.

Miss Ruth Vincent, leading lady in "The Belle of Brittany," once passed through an experience terribly trying to the audience as well as to herself because of their intense sympathy with her.

She had just come on to sing a new song, "Love and Laughter," and had first to speak a few lines of dialogue with Mr. Lionel Mackinder. But her face was drawn as if in pain, and she stumbled over her words, seeming hardly to know what she was doing or saying. Then she fell forward in a dead faint, and had to be carried off the stage.

Just before the end of the act, however, she was able to reappear, and the audience went wild with sympathetic enthusiasm.

"I feel so silly not to have fulfilled my part," she said afterwards, with tears in her eyes. "Will people say I would not sing my great song? I hope not. They will come again, perhaps—these friends who cheered me. Do you think they will?"

She need not have doubted; people have flocked to see and hear her increasingly ever since.

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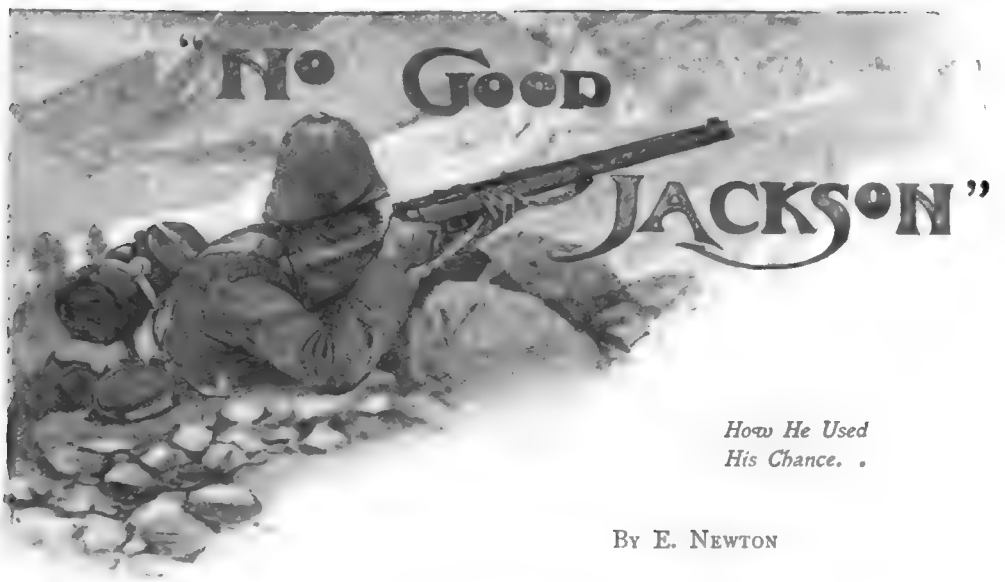

How He Used His Chance.

By E. Newton

He had been called "No Good Jackson" for the greater part of two years, and the name was well deserved from some points of view. But the time had been when Private Robert Jackson, of the King's Own Somersets, was a pattern to the rest of the regiment.

Twice he had received his lance-corporal's stripe, and once he had been made corporal. But twice he had been degraded to the ranks for being drunk and behaving in a disorderly fashion. Every man in the Somersets knew that Jackson would never be promoted again—Jackson knew it himself, but the fact did not appear to worry him.

When first he joined the Colours, a brighter-eyed, more stalwart, erect lad never marched. He was not going to be a private very long, he said, and his prophecy was a true one. But a fortnight after his first promotion he was in the guard-room charged with being drunk and obstructing the officer of the guard in his duty, and, unfortunately, this was but the first of many similar occurrences.

The boyish light had faded from his eyes now, and its place was taken by a hard, defiant expression. Very rarely was his merry laugh heard; all he permitted himself now was an occasional cynical grin. To put the matter into a nutshell, the light-hearted, zealous boy had developed into a hard man, careless of himself and others.

* * * * *

"So, it's you again, Jackson?" said the commanding-officer grimly, surveying "No Good" with critical eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the charge, sergeant-major?"

"Drunk, sir, and wanted to fight me when I tried to arrest him."

"Wanted to?" corrected "No Good" proudly. "I 'it you twice in the jore."

"Silence!" thundered the commanding-officer. He had either to shout or laugh, and the former seemed more in accordance with his dignity.

"No Good Jackson" regarded his handiwork with satisfaction. It took the shape of a green patch on the sergeant-major's cheek.

"There can be no defence, Jackson," the C.O. said in stern tones. "Thirty days cells. But, understand me, this is the last time I shall treat your misdemeanours in such a manner. The next time the sentence will be the most drastic I can give. I need not explain. Dismiss the prisoner."

"It's a great pity," the colonel said musingly. "Jackson's a fine lad, one of the best men in the regiment he was until he took to drink."

"Has anyone tried to take him in hand, sir?" asked Lieutenant Sinclair, who had recently been gazetted to the Somersets.

"His colour-sergeant tried, so did the sergeant-major," replied the colonel. "But Jackson consigned them to warmer climes, and told them to mind their own business."

"What made him drink, sir?"

"That I don't know, Mr. Sinclair. No one seems to know."

Lieutenant Richard Sinclair was an officer

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who believed in making friends with his men. As a consequence he was very popular, and although he had not been with the Somersets any length of time, the men had already formed an excellent opinion of him.

He thought a great deal about Jackson during the latter's time in cells. "No Good" was the only black sheep in his company, and he meant to do his best to alter Jackson's hue.

Bisley followed about a month later, and, owing to Jackson's excellent shooting, the Somersets became possessed of three silver cups. Several money prizes fell to Jackson, and when he returned to barracks he had plenty of money in his pocket.

His unpleasant reputation was forgotten for the time being, and everyone was anxious to lionise him. Even the C.O. went out of his way to make a fuss of him. But "No Good" took it all very calmly, and, contrary to expectation, he managed to remain sober.

"He must be got back," Lieutenant Sinclair muttered, gazing at Jackson's erect form, as the private crossed the parade ground. "He's just cut out for a soldier."

The lieutenant would have talked to Jackson, but the latter gave him no opportunity, avoiding him as he avoided other men. One or two minor complaints now reached Sinclair's ears. "No Good" was growing careless; he would turn out on parade with a smudgy belt or badly cleaned boots.

"This will give me an opportunity to talk to him," Sinclair murmured, "although he's been running very straight for some time now."

He was walking along the winding lane which eventually opens into the high road by the barracks gate. It wanted about ten minutes to nine, and several parties of Somersets had hurried by him, for a special pass was required to remain out after nine o'clock.

Suddenly Sinclair spied a form on a seat that was lost in the deep shadow of a tree. He was about to turn his gaze, but a gleam of a buckle caught his eye, and he stared into the darkness. He could see the form more plainly now. It was that of a soldier, one of the Somersets, and he was seated with his face resting on his hands.

"The man's in trouble," muttered Sinclair, and at once crossed to the seat.

He touched the soldier on the shoulder, causing him to remove his hands from his face. Then Sinclair saw that the man was Jackson, and he saw, too, that he had been drinking.

"Begger par'n, sher—n' feel'n ver' well," muttered "No Good," with a ludicrous attempt to salute.

Then he added with a delightful candour:

"Fac' o' the marrer, sher, I'm ver' drung."

"Have you a late pass?" Sinclair demanded.

"No, sher."

"Can you walk?"

"No, sher. Else I'd not be 'ere. Can't pass sen'ry, sher. I'm drung. 'No Good Jackson's' drung again, an' C.O.'ll fire 'im out. Poor ol' Jacky, didn't meaner get drung, tried not to. But 'e's done for 'isself this time."

"Stay where you are a moment, Jackson,' said the lieutenant sharply.

"Yesher."

Sinclair hurried to the barracks, and called out the sergeant of the guard. For a few moments he remained in conversation with him, and that short conversation meant salvation to Jackson. His officer found him still on the seat, staring vacantly into the darkness.

"Listen, Jackson," Sinclair said, "you've got to walk. The sentry will pass you through. Now then, stand up."

"No Good" got unsteadily to his feet, and waddled across the grass. He lurched into the road, fetched up short by a hedge, tacked vigorously to avoid something that was not there, while Sinclair remained in his rear urging him on. But at length the gates of the barracks were reached. Fortunately it was quite dark, and nobody but an indulgent sentry watched the entry of "No Good."

He gravely measured off the distance between the two gate-posts, and then walked deliberately into one, addressing it in tones of pained surprise after the collision. He wanted to kiss the sentry, informing him that he (the sentry) was all he had to live for now. But, once past the guard-room, two pairs of strong, though friendly, hands gripped him, and dragged him into safety.

Morning drill was over, and "No Good Jackson" was seated in a corner of the canteen, his head aching dreadfully. He was trying hard to recollect what had happened on the previous evening; he knew he had come in drunk, and yet he had not awakened in "clink."

"L'tenant Sinclair wants to see you, 'No Good,'" bawled a voice. "In 'is quarters. Waitin' for you now."

The name brought a flood of light to Jackson. He began to remember, and as he walked to the lieutenant's quarters he

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remembered all. Presently he stood before Sinclair, who opened the campaign with:

"You were drunk again last night, Jackson."

"Yessir."

"You knew the consequences if you were taken to the guard-room? You remember what the colonel said?"

"Yessir."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothin', sir."

"You're a fool, Jackson."

"Yessir."

"Here you are, a fine figure of a man, an excellent shot, a man capable of exercising authority, and yet you are a drunkard. Why is it, Jackson?"

A look came over the private's face which Sinclair had never seen before. Into the man's eyes came a hungry look, as though he were gazing at something that only he could see, something he desired but could not obtain. His breathing became quicker, but he said not a word.

"No Good" got unsteadily to his feet and waddled across the grass.

"Won't you tell me, Jackson?"

"There's nothing to tell, sir," said "No Good," in low tones. Then he went on hurriedly:

"I'd like to thank you, sir, for wot you did for me last night. I dunno why you did it quite."

"So as to give you another chance, Jackson. We're detailed for active service. But for that, the sergeant of the guard would not have passed you."

"Active service, sir," cried Jackson, his eyes gleaming. "Where, sir?"

"Indian frontier. You can go now, Jackson. But, remember, you've got a grand chance now. Be a man again, Jackson. Show the regiment the stuff you're made of, and give the drink a wide berth."

There was gratitude in Jackson's eyes that he could not express. He knew what Lieutenant Sinclair had saved him from. But, after he had saluted and turned towards the door to go out, the soft expression faded from his eyes, and the hungry light came into them again.

"Active service," he muttered. "Thank God for it."

* * * * *

Away up in the north-west territory there is a range of mountains known in the native vernacular as the "Horse's Mane." Doubtless

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it is because the mountains sweep away one after the other in a curved regularity, so that, when looked at from the other side of the great plain, a distinct resemblance to the mane of a horse is seen.

It was to free the "Horse's Mane" from the depredations of a tribe of hillmen that the King's Own Somersets, together with a force of Sikhs and some troops from Darjeeling, had been sent up to the frontier.

They camped on the great plain, and for several days a desultory fire was maintained between picked shots of the British force and the more daring of the hillmen who were out sniping. "No Good Jackson" was in his element here. His keen eye had speedily become accustomed to the curious atmosphere, and he could distinguish a turban against the brown rocks the instant its owner cautiously raised his head to take aim. It is a significant fact that when Jackson's rifle spoke there was rarely any more movement where that turban had been seen.

At last a general advance was commenced, and the men's spirits rose immeasurably. The Somersets were given the right flank, the Sikhs were on the left, and the more seasoned British troops in the centre. Certain information had reached the ears of the General Officer Commanding, which he communicated to the Somersets' colonel. The result was that Sinclair, now a captain, was dispatched with a hundred men up a mountain path to hold a curiously-formed knoll which dominated a pass.

"No Good Jackson," to his great delight, was one of the hundred selected by Captain Sinclair, and presently the little force was lost amongst the rocks. They went along very cautiously, points out all around where possible, and had covered fully three-quarters of the ascent ere a sudden rifle shot betokened the presence of the enemy.

Unfortunately the information received by the G. O. C. was not entirely correct, and in sending one hundred men to hold the knoll, he practically sent them to their death. When the rifle shot sounded a point ran in breathless.

"They're coming, sir, 'undreds of 'em. They're all round us," he gasped.

There was nothing for it but to fight. Retreat down that steep descent was almost impossible, for the hillmen, sure-footed as goats, could cut them off in a very few moments. Sinclair took in the situation in a few seconds, and backed his men up against an overhanging bluff, the foot of which was strewn with great boulders.

"Lie down," he commanded. "Independent firing as soon as the enemy appear. But, for your own sakes, don't waste a shot."

The men obeyed, and white with excitement, their fingers trembling on the triggers, the Somersets waited anxiously. They had not long to wait, for presently the mountain side was covered with a mob of racing hillmen.

Zip! zip! zip! The rifles spat forth their deadly bullets, and scores of the enemy fell. A continuous roll of musketry ensued, but nothing could stop this mad rush of half-naked, dark figures, with gleaming bloodshot eyes beneath dirty turbans, their vicious-looking curved swords brandished high, and they came on in a great wave, despite the scores that fell.

"Fix bayonets!"

The bayonets went on the hot barrels with a series of sharp snaps, and then the foremost of the hillmen were amongst the rocks. Steel met steel, and the Somersets fought with a silent grimness, plying their deadly weapons with fearful effect. Some of them disdained the steel for the clubbed gun, and one stalwart sergeant mounted on a rock was keeping a clear circle round him. Heads cracked like eggshells under his mighty blows; but a sudden rush of a score of hillmen, careless of life, swept him from his position, and he was hacked to pieces in a moment.

The great, brown wave simply swamped the little band of whites. Presently the shouts died away, the clash of steel was heard no longer, and the hillmen stood gazing triumphantly at all that was left of Sinclair's hundred, that had fought until it died. The men were piled for the most part in little heaps of dead, though here and there a man lay on his back, his glazed eyes fixed on the vastness of space above him.

There are always mistakes in war; this was one of them. A hundred men had gone to their death, and had died bravely. For each Somerset who had gone out, two at least of the hillmen would raid no more.

Twilight had fallen at the conclusion of the fight, and the hillmen drew off to take part in their nightly amusement of potting at the British camp.

An hour passed, and then a man moved and sat up, scaring some carrion birds settled on a rock near by. The man was "No Good Jackson." He stared about him in the semi-twilight, and saw the shapes around him.

"Phew!" he muttered. licking his dry lips

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His left shoulder was stiff and clotted with blood. His head still throbbed from the effect of a blow. But he could walk. He got to his feet and began to investigate. A shiver ran through him, followed by a strange sense of loneliness as he saw the dead bodies of his comrades.

"Where's the cap'n, I wonder?" he muttered.

He set his teeth and then commenced the loathsome task of hunting amongst the dead. Eventually he found Sinclair lying beneath the corpses of two hillmen and a Somerset. He felt his officer's breast; Sinclair's heart still beat. "No Good Jackson" paused to think. Perhaps there were others alive, but one was all he could manage. Particularly as that one had been kind to him, whilst to the others he was just "No Good."

He loosened the strap of his rifle and slung it across his back. Then he took as many cartridges as he could carry, emptied his water bottle in two gulps, and buckled on one whose owner would never want it again. He picked up Sinclair and swung him over his right shoulder, and then staggered on up the path. He was not quite certain why he took this direction. At the back of his mind was a dim thought that this was the way the troops would come to find them. Up the steep path he went, panting with weakness, staggering under his burden, but with set teeth and a determination that carried him through.

Then he stumbled on to the knoll the hundred had been sent to hold. He found it to be a cup-shaped rock, which could only be reached by the path up which he had come. Far down below on his right, though he could not see it, ran the pass. Behind him and on his left the knoll turned over into a sheer precipice. In front the path ran over open ground from the hills beyond.

"Seems ter me," he began dully, staring at Sinclair. Then the knoll seemed to get up and go spinning around him, and all was oblivion. When next his eyes opened it was daylight. He stared for a moment, cursed his aching shoulder, and then remembered.

He glanced over the edge of the knoll, not a soul could he see. Then he turned to Sinclair and forced some water between his teeth. Presently the officer stirred and his eyes opened.

"Jackson," he muttered.

"Yessir."

"Where's the company? I——" Sinclair had sat up, but his words were stilled by a sharp pain. His right arm was broken, and there was a curious numbed feeling in the shoulder.

In a few words Jackson explained the situation, and Sinclair made an effort to hold out his right hand. The movement caused him to wince, and he extended his other hand.

"It'll have to be the left," he said, with a wry smile. "You're a splendid chap, Jackson; won't you shake hands?"

The private took his officer's hand, a sheepish look on his face.

"If we get out of this, Jackson," went on Sinclair, "the man who calls you 'No Good' will have to reckon with me. The V.C. has been given for less."

"Look, sir."

Jackson clutched excitedly at Sinclair's left arm and pointed over the brow of the knoll. About a score of hillmen were coming up the steep path. Without a word Jackson picked up his rifle, laid it on the edge of the cup, took careful aim and fired. The foremost of the hillmen leapt into the air, sprang again as his feet touched the ground, and then fell in a heap.

His companions stopped. Another shot rang out, and a second hillmen fell. Twice more the rifle sounded, and each time one of the Pathans dropped. Then the remainder turned and fled.

"Four, sir," said Jackson, just as though he had announced a bull. "An' the others bunked for their pals," he added in matter-of-fact tones.

"Any sign of our men?" Sinclair asked.

"No, sir," replied Jackson, after a cautious survey.

"What sort of a chance do we stand? I'm not a bit of use; you'd better have left me down below."

"Like you left me that night, sir," Jackson replied. "If many of 'em comes, like they're bound to, they'll nab us for sure, though I'll down a few 'fore they gets 'ere."

"I can't even use a revolver," muttered Sinclair gloomily. "It's rotten luck, Jackson, to be in a corner and not be able to go out fighting."

"They'll not take either of us alive, sir," said "No Good" in grim tones.

"That's right. I'm ready. It'll be a quick death," Sinclair murmured, and then fell to thinking of a fair home set on a green hillside in Somersetshire where his wife awaited him. He gritted his teeth and stared across the brown rocks. A cry left his lips.

"They're coming again, Jackson," he said.

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"I know, sir; I see'd 'em three minutes ago," replied "No Good." "I'm just waitin' for the fust one to walk onter my foresight."

Crack! The "fust one" threw up his arms and fell. Again Jackson fired, bringing a second Pathan low. Bullets came in speedy reply now and splashed against the natural fort, for Jackson had piled some boulders along the edge of the knoll.

"Hang it! I can't stand doing nothing," Sinclair cried. "Look here, Jackson. These chaps can only come up the one path, so if you rest my revolver between two stones so that it covers the path, all that I'll have to do will be to pull the trigger."

The hillmen had stayed their advance, and this gave Jackson an opportunity to arrange Sinclair's revolver. But he had barely finished ere the Pathans came together in a bunch and began to scramble up the path. Jackson fired as calmly and precisely as he had done at Bisley, and every report was followed by the downfall of one of the hillmen. But still the Pathans struggled up the path, their eyes bloodshot and gleaming, shrieking to Allah to guard the faithful and destroy the unbelievers. The vision of these great, swarthy men with matted beards and gleaming, yellow teeth, was not calculated to enliven the two wounded men on the knoll, but it filled them with the grim despair that often forms the groundwork for mighty deeds.

"Magazine's empty, sir," muttered Jackson. "Let 'em 'ave the barker."

Sinclair's weapon began to spit out its bullets but was speedily emptied. Jackson was loading from the breech now, taking his cartridges from a heap beside him. Over the bodies of their comrades the hillmen came on with the dogged courage of the fanatic, until the foremost man drew level with the edge of the knoll. He put his hands on a rock to vault over, but Sinclair let drive with his left and hit him full in the face, sending him sprawling backwards on the man just behind him. Jackson picked off the man following and then, suddenly jumping to his feet, he put his shoulder to a huge boulder and heaved. It moved slowly, then toppled, then fell with a thundering crash, and smashed its way with a rattle and a roar down the steep path, sweeping away fully a score of the hillmen in its devastating rush.

Fond as the Pathans were of courting death, they did not like to meet it in this form, and they drew sullenly away, Jackson planting three bullets amongst them ere they disappeared, as a farewell.

"Phew! sir. It's warm work," muttered "No Good," wiping his face. "They won't take this lying down; wot with the rock and the shootin' we must 'ave done for about forty of 'em. If we'd only got about ten men 'ere we'd 'old it agin an army."

"What will they do now, I wonder?" Sinclair murmured.

"Get about a couple o' 'undred of 'em and rush us, sir, I 'spect," replied Jackson. "Anyway," he added with a grim smile, "it'll mean me never goin' on the drink agin. I s'pose you wonder, sir, wot made me do it?"

"Yes, Jackson, I do."

"I've never told a soul, sir. You're diff'rent, some'ow, though I don't s'pose I'd 'ave told you only it don't matter now, seein' as 'ow we're booked."

Then Jackson told his story. It was a simple and common one, for it was the usual tale of a woman. Jackson had been engaged, but had quarrelled, and the girl had gone off with another admirer.

"So when Kate was gawn, I didn't seem ter care a 'ang, sir, an' that's the solemn troof," Jackson concluded.

There was an opportunity for a moral lecture, but Sinclair did not take advantage of it. He wondered what he would have done if the girl he loved had jilted him. He could understand Jackson's feelings.

"I'd 'a died for Kate," muttered "No Good" in low tones. "She could 'a' walked over me if she'd liked; but the thought of another chap kissin' 'er seemed to drive me mad. I found it out afterwards that she didn't mean no 'arm, 'twas only a sorter freak on 'er part. But we seemed to 'ave gone too far then; it was too late. Besides—— Lord! sir. Look!"

Sinclair forgot Jackson's reminiscences as he stared down into the valley where the path ended. It was packed with hillmen. They were moving up the hill-side in a mass.

"I reckon this is the end," muttered "No Good," as he finished filling his magazine.

Boom! From the brown earth on the opposite hill-side came a spurt of flame. Then right in the midst of the hillmen a cloud of dust shot up as a shell burst.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"It's the boys!" cried Jackson excitedly.

"Yes, look! There they come!" Forgetful of his wounds Sinclair sprang to his feet and shouted hoarsely.

Then the opposite hill vomited men. Out they came, long lines of khaki-clad men with

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The butt of his rifle smashed the head of his nearest assailant.

gleaming bayonets—Somersets and Sikhs, side by side, racing at the Pathans.

The hillmen saw them and redoubled their energies to gain the knoll. If they reached it first they could hold out for some time. It was a race—a fierce, stern race. Jackson did his share to retard the Pathans' advance, picking off the leading men as rapidly as possible.

Up the path swarmed the hillmen, their mouths full of strange cries. But now a mountain battery got to work away to the right and sent a stream of shells into the running Pathans.

"The rocks, sir! Shove 'em over!" cried Jackson.

The two men thrust their wounded, aching bodies against the boulders, and one, two, three went hurtling down the mountain side and crashed their way with fearful slaughter through the hillmen.

"We win! We win!" cried Sinclair. "The boys have done it!"

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And even as he spoke the line of bayonets met the hillmen on their flank. From the knoll the two men watched the fight, saw the gigantic, bearded Sikhs slaying remorselessly, saw the Somersets plying their scarlet bayonets, saw the Pathans fighting like demons, careless of life.

Then half-a-dozen hillmen began to run up the path, and before Sinclair could move Jackson had sprung over the ledge holding his rifle like a club. With a fierce snarl "No Good" ran full tilt at the oncoming hillmen. At the sight of his fierce face and shining eyes they hesitated, deeming him mad, as he surely was for the time being. The next instant he was amongst them—the butt of his rifle smashed the head of his nearest assailant, and a backward sweep broke another man's arm and ribs. The remaining hillmen ran at him, but he cleverly pointed with his rifle and took one in the pit of his stomach, and, stepping back, swung the weapon and knocked another's head sideways.

Crack! A fifth Pathan fell, for Sinclair had hobbled down and had fired a lucky left-handed shot. The sixth hillman turned and ran, but Jackson sprang after him with a fierce shout and brought the butt of his rifle with a sickening thud on to the top of the man's spine. Then he looked round with shining eyes for more victims.

"Go easy, Jackson," cried Sinclair. "See, they run!"

He pointed to the Pathans who were flying before the victorious British force.

"So they do," muttered Jackson dully. Then he turned round slowly and fell on his face.

They carried both men down to the field hospital. Captain Sinclair took an early opportunity of writing to his wife, telling her Jackson's story, and asking her if she could possibly do anything for "No Good."

* * * * *

"How do you feel now you're a civilian, Jackson?" inquired Captain Sinclair. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on: "It isn't often that a soldier leaves the army directly he gets the V.C."

The two men were on their way to Sinclair's home. The officer had obtained Jackson's discharge and was taking him home to act as a sort of personal attendant. He was to live at the lodge and to act as bodyguard to Mrs. Sinclair when her husband was away. Sinclair had written to his wife, telling her all about Jackson, and presently the ex-soldier was standing stiffly to attention as he watched Sinclair fold his wife in his arms. A mist came into the man's eyes and he turned his face away.

"I should like to thank you so much, Jackson," Mrs. Sinclair said softly. "But somehow mere words cannot express my gratitude for all you have done. If my husband had—had died, Jackson, I would have wished to die, too."

"I know, mum, I know the feelin'," muttered Jackson hoarsely.

The girl—for she was no more—put out her hand impulsively, and the soldier gripped it.

"Poor Jackson," she whispered.

The lump was still in "No Good's" throat when he reached the little lodge. Here Sinclair dismissed him, saying he would find his accommodation all ready inside the lodge. Jackson saluted and entered through the open doorway into a pretty room. Standing before him was a girl—a girl with soft, pleading eyes and parted lips.

"Kate!" Jackson said hoarsely.

"Yes, it's me, and I'm so sorry, Bob, dear. Mrs. Sinclair found me and brought me here. She got your mother's address from the barracks and never rested till she found me."

"God bless 'er," muttered Jackson, taking the girl in his arms.

There is no reason to call him "No Good" now.

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An extraordinary snapshot of a horse being thrown. Though it appears that the animal must break its back while falling, in reality it came to no harm.

PICTURE . . PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase Photographs Suitable for Publication in this Feature. All Photographs Submitted should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

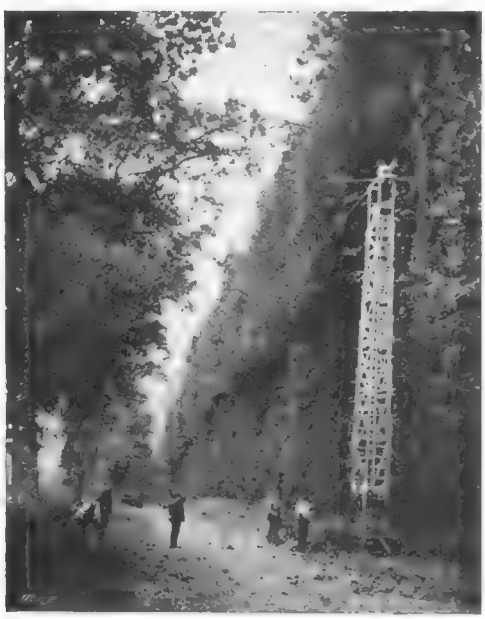
THROWING A BUCKJUMPER.

NINE people out of ten would declare, from a glance at the illustration, that the unfortunate horse which is being thrown broke its back in the fall. There seems no possibility of its safe arrival on Mother Earth.

However, there is no need for commiseration or wrath. The picture merely witnesses the making of a wonderfully clever snapshot. The steed in question was grassed quite successfully, unharmed, save for a shaking, and rose to its feet intact, a sadder but wiser animal.

With very refractory horses there is nothing for it but to throw them and keep them on the ground for a time in an absolutely helpless condition.

Skilful horsemen can throw a horse from the saddle. This is done by throwing all the weight on to the left stirrup, and pulling on the right rein. The animal's head is drawn so far round that the near fore-leg is thrown off its balance, and the horse comes down, the rider jumping clear. Then, by kneeling on his saddle and keeping his right rein very short, he can hold his horse motionless for as long as he likes.



The celebrated beech hedge at Lord Lansdowne's residence, Meikleour, Perthshire. It is a hundred feet high, and is pruned every six years, at a cost of £60.

A VERY HIGH HEDGE.

THERE are not many hedges whose altitude is one hundred feet, but the celebrated beech hedge on Lord Lansdowne's estate at Meikleour, Perthshire, can lay claim to this distinction. It extends for a quarter of a mile, and is probably the finest hedge in Great Britain, if not in the world.

The hedge was planted in 1745; every six or seven years it has to be pruned, a little operation which costs something like sixty pounds. The erection on the right of the picture is a special ladder employed in the pruning operations. It is made on somewhat the same principle as the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk arrangement used in the repairing of overhead tramway-lines and other lofty apparatus.

Perched on this ladder the gardeners attack the hedge with shears, and reduce its too exuberant foliage to respectable dimensions. As may be imagined, pruning this giant hedge is rather an undertaking, but as it only has to be done once in six years, the inconvenience is not so great as it might be.

In any case so fine a hedge is very well worth a little care.

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A general view of the Red Cliff Lumber Company's saw-mills and timber-yard at Duluth, Minnesota——

WHERE THE WOOD COMES FROM.

TIMBER-YARD OF THE RED CLIFF LUMBER CO., DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

ALTHOUGH we are threatened by our newspapers with a wood famine in the course of the next thirty years or so, the first thought that strikes the beholder of this picture of a wood yard is: "What will all this wood be used for?"

The exclamation is excusable. The illustration represents altogether fifteen million yards of timber; enough, one would imagine, to provide chairs and tables for the next three generations. But, alas! it is not only for chairs and tables that all these logs have been cut from their native trees. The newspaper which frightens us with threats of a wood famine is responsible for what it foretells—or will be, if ever such a state of things comes to pass. For it is in order to make paper that many monarchs of the forest are brought low. Perhaps in the course of a year we may buy a whole tree merely through purchasing a couple of newspapers a day!

What a romantic thing this collection of timber is if we are gifted with a little imagination. We see the Red Cliff Lumber Co.'s stalwart—or as they would put it in the picturesque *argot* of their native land, "husky"—lumbermen sallying forth into the forests armed with axes, intent on felling as much timber as possible. To quote the poet:

How bowed the woods before their sturdy stroke!

The forest literally melts away before them—the trees are sawn into logs, are cut and squared, and depart all over the world in "wind-jammers" to various destinations. The desk at which we write, our drawing-room piano even, may have emanated in the rough from Minnesota. Possibly little Tommy who is making such a din with what he is pleased to call "carpentry," is hammering a British nail into a long-suffering piece of wood hewn by a husky Minnesotan.

Not the least valuable of the resources of Canada and the United States are their magnificent forests, and armies of men gain a livelihood from the lumber trade. Lumber camps have inspired many and many a vivid, not to say lurid, adventure story; and in our younger days who among us has not thrilled at descriptions of these camps, the hair-breadth escapes of their denizens from forest fires, their six-shooters, their bowie-knives, and their moving accidents by flood and field.

Yes, there is a wealth of romance in even such a commonplace commodity as wood.

No small amount of care, skill, and labour is involved in the care of the logs after they have been cut and arranged in the timber-yard to season.

In addition to the actual log-accommodation, a lumber depot has to be equipped with saw mills and other machinery for transforming the rough tree-trunk into planks and otherwise getting it ready for the carpenter and builder.

Although the days have gone by when the oak forests of England were as vital from the point of view of national defence as *Dreadnoughts* are to-day, we require a great deal more wood than our ancestors, in spite of the fact that we build our ships of iron and theirs were made of wood.

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——The logs are piled on one another five yards high, and altogether fifteen million yards of timber appear in this picture.

A BOTTLE EXCHANGE.

We, after absorbing lemonade, alike with the light-hearted tripper, who gaily drops the vessel which has held his refreshing draught from the excursion train on to the head of "one of the railway company's servants," or, briefly, a platelayer, scarcely give a thought to the empty bottle. What becomes of it?

"Oh," replies the average individual, "if they are not returned to the mineral-water people I sell them to the rag-and-bone man." True, but what does *he* do with them? He cannot spend bottles—a request for two bottles' worth of milk or tobacco would not be entertained by any sane tradesman.

The illustration below solves the problem "What do we do with our (empty) bottles?" It represents a bottle exchange at Southwark Thither all the gentlemen who buy our cast-off bottles send their purchases, and the bottles are sorted into their respective classes—all the Jones' Jams and all the Smith's Lime Juice being put in separate boxes.

In due course these bottles are returned to Messrs. Jones and Smith, who wash them, refill them, and send them out into the world again. It is probable, however, that only a certain percentage of the bottles and jugs originally distributed by any firm find their way back. The brittle nature of these articles, the storms and stresses of their wanderings, account for many of them. For, despite the proverb, it is not the cracked jam jar that goes oftenest to the bottling department.

What a gay life is that of the jam jar! What insight it gets, supposing it survives several trips, into the stately homes of England. Perhaps on its first journey it provides strawberry jam for the wearer of strawberry leaves. On the second voyage it may find a home in the dwelling of an inhabitant of—let us say—Tooting Bec.

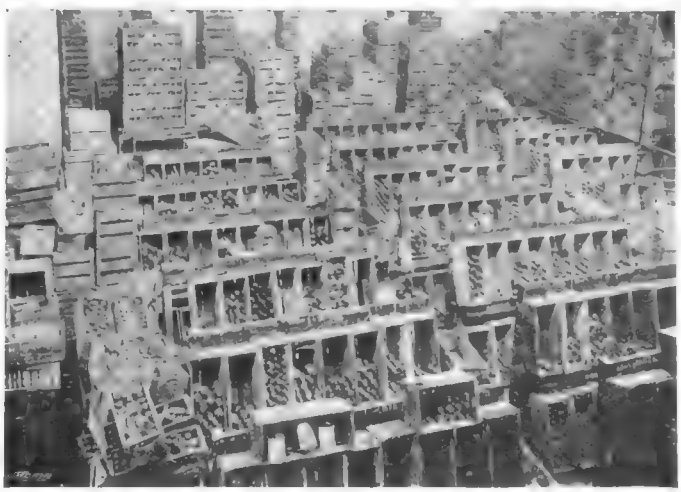

Photo *Clarke & Hyde.*

At the Southwark bottle exchange empty bottles and jars of all kinds are collected, sorted, and returned to the respective firms which originally sent them out.

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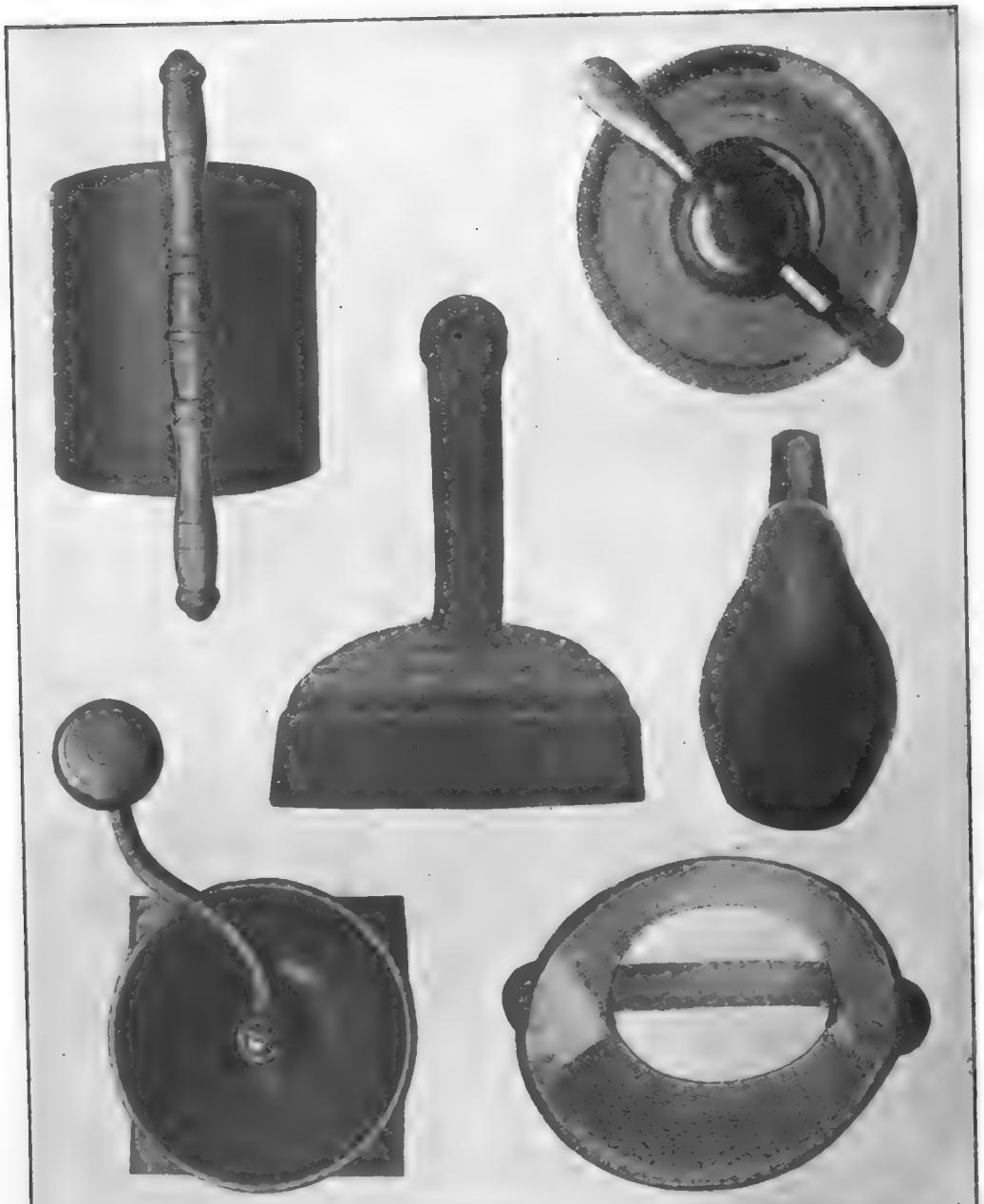

WHAT ARE THEY?

Everyone may not understand perspective, but anyone can gather from this page of photographs how useful it is. Six common objects are represented on this page, photographed from an uncommon standpoint. It will afford a pleasant evening's amusement to try and puzzle out what the six objects are.

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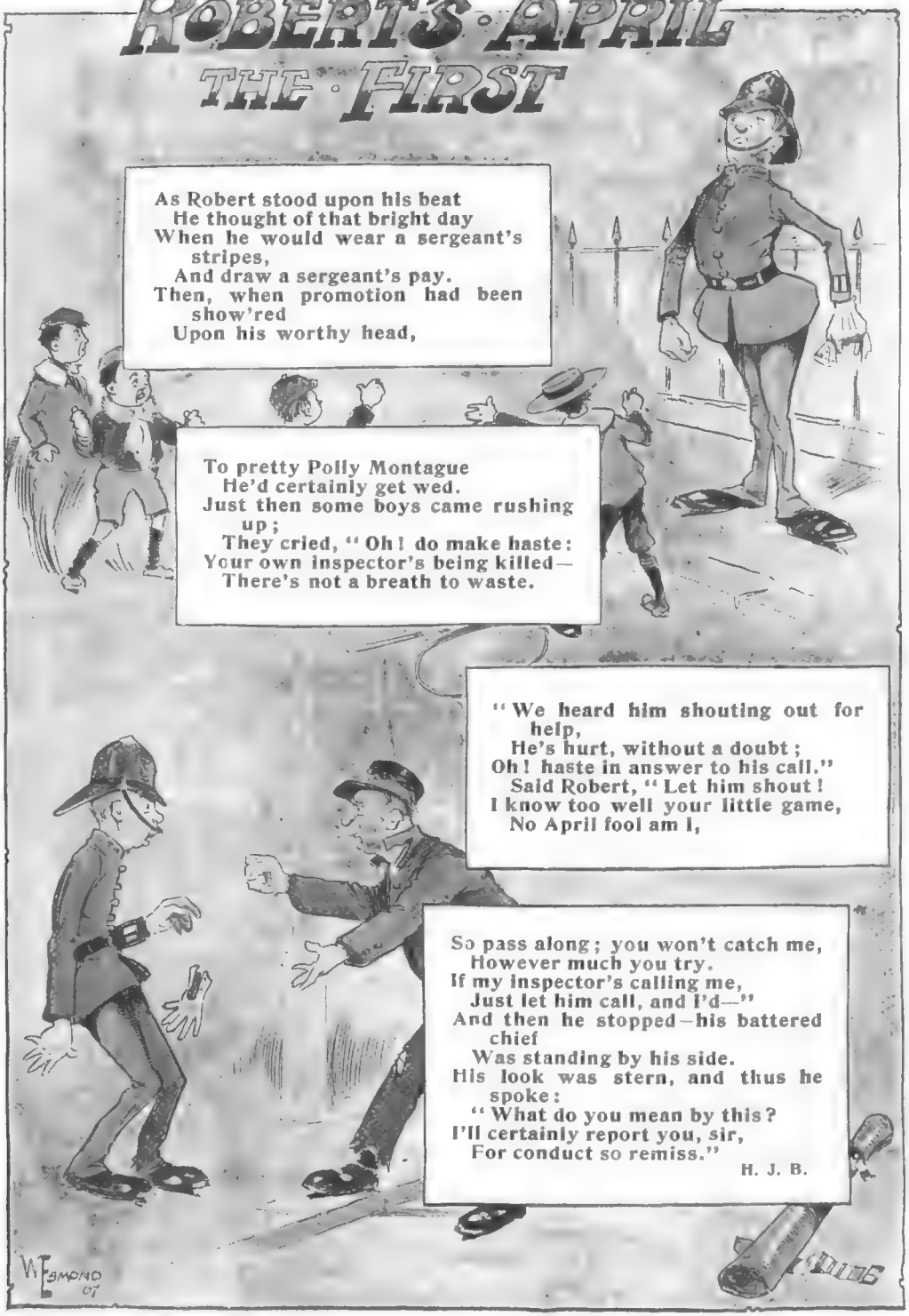
ROBERT'S APRIL THE FIRST



As Robert stood upon his beat
He thought of that bright day
When he would wear a sergeant's stripes,
And draw a sergeant's pay.
Then, when promotion had been show'red
Upon his worthy head,

To pretty Polly Montague
He'd certainly get wed.
Just then some boys came rushing up;
They cried, "Oh! do make haste:
Your own inspector's being killed—
There's not a breath to waste.

"We heard him shouting out for help,
He's hurt, without a doubt;
Oh! haste in answer to his call."
Said Robert, "Let him shout!
I know too well your little game,
No April fool am I,

So pass along; you won't catch me,
However much you try.
If my inspector's calling me,
Just let him call, and I'd—"
And then he stopped—his battered chief
Was standing by his side.
His look was stern, and thus he spoke:
"What do you mean by this?
I'll certainly report you, sir,
For conduct so remiss."

H. J. B.

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THE HELSTON DRUM

By F. E. Baily.

(This little play is very suitable for amateur theatricals. All those wishing to perform it should apply for permission to the Editor of The Royal Magazine, *18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

CHARACTERS.

Marjorie Helston.

Dick Mayne, *a captain in the 300th Gurkhas, home on leave, Marjorie's* fiancé.

Potter, *a butler.*

Scene: *Drawing-room of Marjorie's house at Woldingham, a small village in Surrey. Door* L., *settee* R., *fireplace back centre. Curtain rises on* Marjorie *and* Dick *seated, Marjorie on the settee, and Dick a little to her left, facing audience. It is evening, and there is a soft lamplight in the room from a standard lamp* L. *Marjorie is about twenty-four. Dick is a typical soldier, and has not lost all his bronze on the voyage home.*

Marjorie. What a perfect fortnight we've had, haven't we? One of those perfect times that come only once in a life, and generally have to be paid for afterwards!

Dick. Well, this one has been worth paying a lot for; at least, *I* think so.

Marjorie. Dear Dick, how good it seems to have you back again.

Dick. Does it,? I can tell you it feels awfully good to be back, after living like a savage during that scrap on the frontier. I don't believe anyone can realise what home and the society of one's own people mean except a man who's been out in the wilds for as long as I have. It was heaven even to hear the jingle of a hansom.

Marjorie. Well, thank goodness, your hardships are all over. I used to be afraid to open the newspaper all the time the fighting was on. I had a horrid certainty that you were at least going to lose an arm or a leg, even if you didn't get killed outright.

Dick (*rather hesitatingly*). But, Marjorie, that's one of the trials of a soldier's wife—to be left behind, you know. Remember, dear, you'll have it to tackle all your life. I sometimes feel a selfish brute to have asked you to marry a chap like me—always liable to be sent off on active service at any moment—and to expect you to be brave and patient over trouble that you'd never have had to put up with except for me.

Marjorie. Don't be silly, Dick. Besides, you aren't likely to be in any more wars. You'll live to be a fat and glorious old general, with a row of medals and a K.C.B. and things, and they'll get me to open bazaars on the strength of you. I can see notices in local papers now: "Among those present were General Sir Richard Mayne, K.C.B., etc., who brought Lady Mayne looking beautiful in pale blue."

Dick (*still hesitatingly*). Still, Marjorie, if war *did* come——

Marjorie. My dear boy, is it likely? Besides (*laughing*) I shall always have a timely warning.

Dick (*sharply*). How?

Marjorie. Why, haven't you heard of the Helston Drum?

Dick. No!

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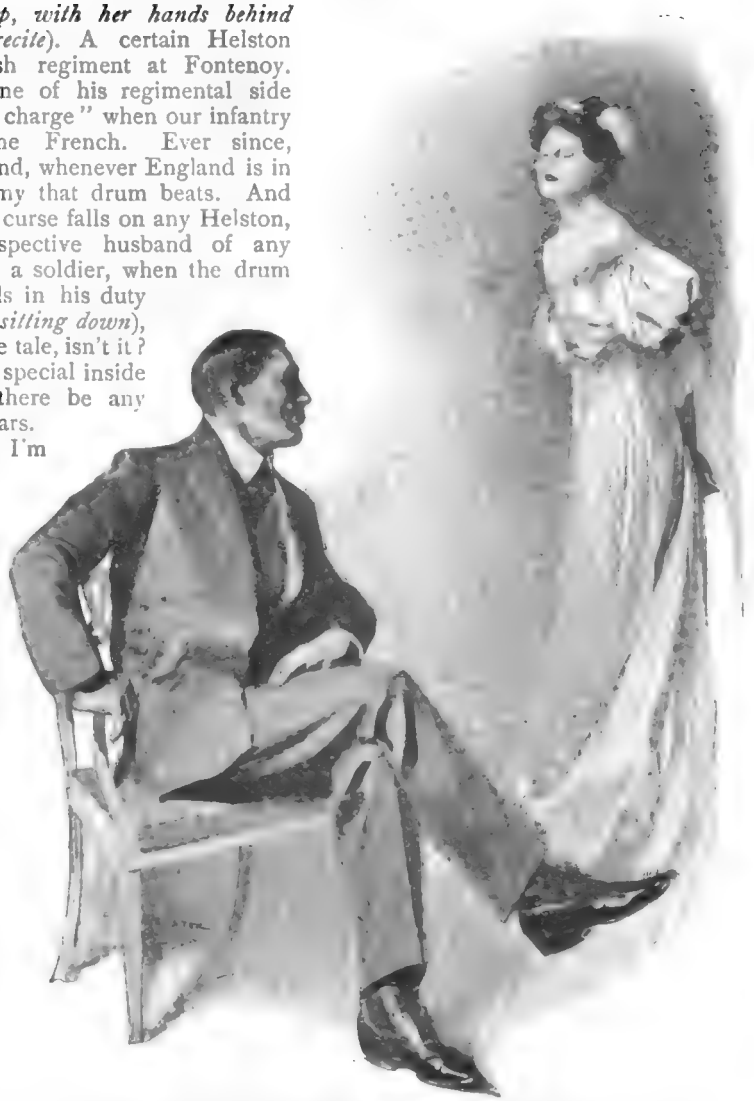
MARJORIE (*standing up, with her hands behind her, pretending to recite*). A certain Helston commanded a British regiment at Fontenoy. He brought back one of his regimental side drums that beat the "charge" when our infantry advanced against the French. Ever since, according to the legend, whenever England is in danger from an enemy that drum beats. And in addition to that a curse falls on any Helston, or husband or prospective husband of any Helston, who, being a soldier, when the drum sounds the alarm fails in his duty to England. There (*sitting down*), that's a nice gruesome tale, isn't it? You see, I shall have special inside information should there be any wars or rumours of wars.

DICK (*grimly*). Well, I'm afraid your family drum has outlived its sense of responsibility.

MARJORIE (*breathlessly*). Why?

DICK. Because, dear, I've bad news for you. The military authorities were notified by the Government to-day that two Great Powers will declare war within twenty-four hours. Matters only became critical yesterday. The army is being mobilised, and naturally I have volunteered for active service. That is really what I came for this evening—to tell you about it all. The newspapers will announce to-morrow that war is inevitable, and I wanted to explain beforehand how things stand. (*with a sad smile*). You see, your legendary warning hasn't arrived after all.



"Whenever England is in danger from an enemy that drum beats."

MARJORIE (*staring miserably at him. Slowly and in a dull tone*). War—to-morrow, and you—you've volunteered? You're going to leave me again, Dick—go away, and perhaps never come back? And I've only had you for a fortnight. (*Shaking her head sorrowfully.*) You don't love me, Dick—you can't. No one wants to go away from anyone they love.

DICK (*sitting beside her, and taking her hands*). Marjorie, darling, you can't tell how it hurts me to make you unhappy, but I must go. You don't want me to disgrace my uniform, and myself, and you, dear. You wouldn't have me a coward.

MARJORIE (*still in the same dull, hopeless tone*). I don't want you to be anything but just my own Dick, who used to love me and not want to go away from me. I lay awake night after night when you were fighting on the frontier, wondering if ever I should see you again, or if you were lying dead on the battlefield, and would never speak to me any more. You wrote

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and told me to be brave, and I was brave—I think I was, and if I wasn't no one knew except me. (*Pleadingly, stroking his hair.*) You don't mean it, do you, Dick, dear? You aren't going to leave me again?

DICK. Surely, darling, you wouldn't have me set my own feelings, or even yours, before my duty? I should only dishonour us both.

MARJORIE (*very sadly*). Do you know, Dick, I don't believe you really love me. I don't believe a man knows what real love is!

DICK. Marjorie!

MARJORIE. When a woman loves, Dick, there isn't any question of setting things before or after her love, because there isn't anything else that matters. There isn't anything she wouldn't do, there isn't anything she wouldn't give, and the harder it is the more she glories in giving it. That's the way I love you, Dick. What do I care for your uniform, or the dishonour of it? What's honour beside love? What's it going to do for me if you're killed? Will it comfort me if I'm left alone?

DICK (*with his arm about her*). Marjorie, Marjorie, dear, hush! You mustn't talk like that. Don't make things harder for me than you can help.

MARJORIE (*in a passion of grief*). Dick, Dick, I *can't* bear it. You shan't leave me. Say you won't leave me, Dick. I've been brave, and I've been patient, and you won't go away again, will you? Oh, Dick, it isn't fair, I don't deserve it. Can't you understand? I love you, Dick, and you'll kill me if you leave me again, (*Cunningly.*) Let's go away—now—quickly—before anyone knows, and hide somewhere—far away—a long way off—where they'll never find us. Oh-h-h (*she slides from his arms on to the floor, sobbing*).

DICK (*raising her gently*). Darling, I'm afraid there's no help for it. I must say good-bye! I've got to go now, to-night.

MARJORIE (*blazing with anger, and tearing herself away*). You coward! You stand there and talk about your duty—your *duty!* You're not afraid to break a girl's heart, but you daren't stray from your duty. Well, go to your duty, but never, never come near me again. (*She turns away from him.*)

DICK (*harshly*). Very well. I won't bother about my duty. I'll—I'll forget it. I'll stay at home, and we'll be happy together, while the men—the *men*, mind you, are shedding their blood for their country. And afterwards, when everyone loathes the sound of my name, and you most of all——

MARJORIE (*interrupting, laying her hands on his shoulders*). I, Dick—*I* loathe you? (*Smiling tenderly.*) My poor old Dick!

(*A faint sound is heard. They listen. It grows more distinct, and they recognise it as the sound of a drum.*)

MARJORIE (*clutching Dick's arm*). What's that? (*Terrified.*) Tell me, Dick—I'm frightened.

DICK (*pausing to listen*). It's a drum. A drum beating!

MARJORIE (*slowly, with staring eyes*). The—Helston—Drum! (*Crosses R. and sits on settee.*)

DICK (*uneasily, but trying to laugh it off*). Oh, nonsense! A drum out in the street, perhaps.

MARJORIE (*slowly, as if to herself*). There are no soldiers here. There isn't any other drum in the house. It's the Helston Drum. It's beating because there's going to be war and because I won't let Dick go. (*Suddenly springing up with a reckless laugh.*) I'm not afraid. It's silly to take any notice of that musty old legend, isn't it, Dick? Speak, Dick! You aren't afraid, are you? We needn't take any notice—we'll cheat the thing, won't we? (*She goes up to him.*)

DICK (*bitterly*). Yes, dear, we'll cheat everything; I'll do anything you like.

(*The drum still beats. They are silent.*)

MARJORIE (*in a low tone*). Supposing it never stops till I let you go? Supposing that ghostly drum beats on for ever, night and day, and drives away sleep, and peace, and never lets us rest?

DICK. Marjorie, dear, you're over-wrought. Don't worry. All shall be as you wish.

MARJORIE (*suddenly giving way and wild with terror*). Dick! Dick! Stop that drum! It's driving me mad. I'm going mad, Dick—don't let me go mad! It's beating and beating, and thousands of little hammers are beating in my brain in time with that awful drum. It wants to take you away from me—but it shan't. I *won't* let you go. Dick, dear Dick, save me, save me! (*She flings her arms round his neck.*)

(*The drum still beats.*)

DICK (*fiercely*). I've had enough of this. I don't care if it's a man or a devil beating that infernal tattoo, I'm going to find out what it is. Steady, Marjorie. It's all right. I won't let anything hurt you.

(MARJORIE *sinks back on the settee, sobbing with terror.* DICK *strides to the*

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Dick strides to the door and flings it open.

door and flings it open. The drum sounds nearer. The noise is very loud and terrifying, and seems to be quite close. Even DICK *hesitates.* MARJORIE *shrieks.*)

MARJORIE (*frantically*). Go, Dick! Go! I won't prevent you—I daren't ask you to stay. Go and fight and—and come back to me if you can. It's no use. I can't bear——

(*The drum ceases to beat.* DICK *starts back a pace. He and* MARJORIE *look at each other. Then he closes the door softly and goes over to her.*)

DICK (*holding her hand in his*). So I may go, Marjorie?

MARJORIE (*in a low tone, very sadly*). Yes, Dick. I oughtn't to have asked you not to. It was very wrong and wicked of me, and I—I deserve to have been punished, but it's so lonely without you, and yet we should never have been happy together if you'd done what I wanted—been a coward and deserted your country in the hour of need. Dick, do you know I'm *glad*—yes *glad* I'm doing what I am and sending you into danger, and—and perhaps to death. Because there are some things that are more than our own happiness and I know, we're doing what's right. And you'll come back to me, won't you? (*Smiling with an effort.*)

DICK (*very tenderly*). Marjorie! (*He kisses her, and crossing to the door, opens it. He turns and looks at her, with his hand on the door.*) Good-bye, Marjorie!

MARJORIE (*with a smile*). *Au revoir*, Dick!

(*Exit* DICK.) (*There is a silence for a few minutes, then enter* POTTER *with a letter on a salver.*)

MARJORIE (*taking letter and putting it aside*). Thank you, Potter.

POTTER (*hesitating*). Excuse me, ma'am, but I hope you weren't inconvenienced by that 'orrid noise this evening. (MARJORIE *starts.*) The page boy 'appens to belong to a cadet corpse or somethink of the kind, and 'e 'ad the impudence to practise 'is drum in the boot room. We couldn't find 'im for quite a while, but (*with sinister emphasis*) I 'ave took care it shall not occur again.

MARJORIE. Thank you, Potter.

(*Exit* POTTER.)

(MARJORIE *is left staring into the fire.*)

(CURTAIN.)

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THE VANISHING PENNY.—(1) Taking out the penny with the elastic attached (exposed view).

MORE TRICKS AT THE DINNER TABLE.

BY DAVID DEVANT.

There is no more delightful hobby than conjuring, and no more popular individual than he who can perform a few attractive after-dinner tricks. In the following pages Mr. David Devant, the world's greatest conjuror, explains various tricks that anyone can do with a little practice, and that are yet mystifying to those not in the secret.

I FINISHED my last chapter with a simple little trick with a sixpence. Here is a still simpler one with a penny. It pays sometimes to let your audience find out a little trick. It flatters their vanity; they think they are so very clever to have discovered your secret. The trick is to spin a penny "by electricity."

Stand a penny on its edge, and keep it from falling by pressing the first finger of the left hand on the top of it. Now pass the right hand quickly up and down the finger, and explain that the trick is done by means of the electricity which you are so generating. After a moment of suspense, remove the left finger, and leave the penny spinning on the table.

The secret is simply this. In passing the hand up and down the finger, you stick out your middle finger and just catch the edge of the penny, which therefore spins.

THE VANISHING PENNY.

I claim no originality for this title, because I suppose there are at least fifty ways of making a penny vanish magically. I once had the pleasure of explaining two or three of them while I was in the witness box in the law courts. It was during the hearing of Mr. Maskelyne's famous Box Trick case, and I was put into the witness box as an expert witness. I wanted to show that the same effect could be produced in a variety of ways, and I illustrated my evidence by making a penny vanish by different methods, and reproducing it in unlooked-for places. I offered to "find" it, after it had vanished from my hands, in the judge's wig, but my offer was not accepted. I was told afterwards that I had been in great danger of being committed for contempt of court. I have never believed that. It was my firm conviction then—and is now—that people in court rather liked my little impromptu performance, and would have liked to see some more, only, of course, they could not very well say so in the usual manner.

(2) The right arm hides the elastic as you put the penny into the left hand preparatory to "rubbing it away."

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But to return to our vanishing penny. You hold it in your right hand, and explain that you are about to show everyone how to make a penny vanish. You then deliberately place it in your right-hand waistcoat pocket.

"That," you say, "is the easiest way I know of making a penny vanish. I will now show you a way which is a little more difficult."

With this you take out the penny, and put it in your left hand, and rub your right hand over it. Presently you lift your right hand, and show both hands empty; the penny has gone.

The next time you find yourself with a penny with a hole in it, keep

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the penny if you want to do this trick, because a penny with a hole in it is absolutely necessary. If you do not happen to possess a penny with a hole in it, and you want to do this trick to-night, take a penny to any working jeweller and ask him to drill a hole in it.

Tie about a yard and a half of thin cord-elastic to the penny. Make a small hole in the back of your waistcoat, at the edge. The hole should be in the middle. Thread one end of the elastic through this hole and pass the elastic round your waist. Pull on it gently until the penny has been pulled up close to the hole. Make a loop in the elastic and fasten it to a brace button.

THE MYSTERIOUS THREEPENNY-BIT.—(1) Getting ready to make the threepenny-bit vanish.

Now pull the penny out, stretching the elastic, and place it in your right-hand waistcoat pocket. Perhaps you understand now how the trick is done. First of all, when you show your audience the easiest way of making a penny vanish, you take out a penny just like the one to which the elastic is fastened, and put it in your right-hand waistcoat pocket. When you go on to show the trick in a more difficult way you take out the penny with the elastic attached. The right arm hides the elastic as you put the penny into the left hand, but, of course, before the hand commences to rub the coin away, the penny has already gone round to the back of the waistcoat. You must arrange matters so that the penny does not "bump" against your body, and take care that you have nothing else in your waistcoat pocket.

(2) Gone! The coin has dropped into the conjuror's hair, and is lost to view.

A MERE CATCH.

This is only a catch, but it will puzzle anyone who does not know it. Put three coins on the table, and pick them up one at a time, counting "One, two, three." Put them down again, one at a time, counting "Four, five, six." Pick them up again, counting "Seven, eight, nine;" but when you get to "nine," hold up the coin quickly, and put it down again. Then put the other two down, counting "Ten, eleven." You appear to have altered the multiplication table, and made four times three eleven. Now give the coins into anyone's hands, and ask them to do it. They will assuredly fail, even if they see partly through the trick, because the coins must be on the table at the beginning of the trick.

THE MYSTERIOUS THREEPENNY-BIT.

Hold a threepenny-piece between the first finger and thumb, put your elbow on the table, and ask someone sitting opposite to you to watch the threepenny-piece carefully. Move your hand slowly backwards and forwards once or twice, and then suddenly jerk it forward, and open the fingers. The threepenny-piece has gone.

This is not a trick for a bald man, or a man with very thin hair, or a man with very smooth hair; but it is a capital little impromptu trick for a man with curly hair. Just before the hand is jerked forward the threepenny-piece is dropped on to the hair, where it conceals itself without any further trouble.

This trick requires careful rehearsal because if done very slowly the person opposite will see through it, and if done too quickly you are liable to be too vigorous with the threepenny-bit and jerk it over your head. A little perseverance, however, and you will be able to bring it off with great *éclat*.

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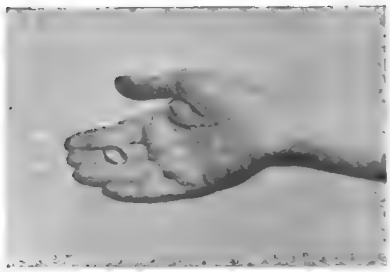

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.—(1) The duplicate ring hidden in the right hand.

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Having borrowed a ring—for preference a wedding ring, although I warn you that many ladies are very superstitious about removing their wedding rings—ask for the loan of a lady's handkerchief.

"First of all," you continue, "I want to see if the handkerchief will go through the ring; otherwise I must ask for a smaller handkerchief. Yes," suiting the action to the word, "that goes through the ring easily. Will someone hold the handkerchief by the two corners? I take the ring in the right hand, rub it over the handkerchief, and you see that somehow or other—I never quite know how this part of the trick is done myself—the ring gets threaded on the handkerchief, although my friend here has been kind enough to hold the corners all the time."

(2) Secretly leaving the borrowed ring on the handkerchief (exposed view). It is covered by the left hand.

You may have guessed that a duplicate was used. If you have, you have guessed rightly, and now you will know why I said that a wedding ring was the best ring to borrow for the trick. All wedding rings are very much alike. The duplicate ring was hidden in the right hand. When you passed the handkerchief through the ring, "to see if the handkerchief were small enough for the trick," you really threaded the borrowed ring on the handkerchief, and when you had got it halfway down you covered it with the left hand and, continuing the sliding movement of the right hand, showed your own ring—the duplicate. The borrowed ring, covered by your left hand, was therefore on the handkerchief. When the handkerchief was held by the two corners by your volunteer assistant, you took away your left hand, and at the same moment put your right hand over the borrowed ring. Calling attention to the fact that the ring was still in your hand—really the duplicate ring—you closed your right hand and fumbled about, pretending to squeeze the ring on to the handkerchief. What you really did was to work the duplicate ring on to the tip of your middle finger; as that part of the finger was under the handkerchief it was hidden.

You get rid of the duplicate ring in a very natural way. You take the handkerchief from the man who has been holding it for you, and ask the lady who lent you the ring if she will remove it from the handkerchief and identify it as her own. Then you go back to your place as though the trick were finished, and are about to put the handkerchief into your pocket, when you are reminded by someone that the handkerchief was borrowed.

"I beg your pardon, of course it is," and you give the handkerchief back to the lady who lent it to you; but in the brief moment when your hand went towards your pocket you were able to slip the duplicate ring from the middle finger into the pocket.

This is just one of those little moves that test the conjuror's abilities as an actor.

(3) The handkerchief has apparently been passed through the borrowed ring, but it is the duplicate ring which is produced. The borrowed ring is on the handkerchief, covered by the left hand.

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A MYSTERIOUS GLASS.

It is as well to be near the end of the table if you wish to do this trick. You begin by putting a little water into a small tumbler and borrowing a newspaper. You put the paper over the tumbler and shape it round it. Then you put a plate on the top of the tumbler and ask a lady if she will kindly put her hand on the top of the plate.

"Don't press too hard, please—not any harder than that." So saying, you press her hand down, and squash the paper and plate on the table. The glass has mysteriously gone. It really went when you were shaping the paper round the glass, because while you were pretending to get it just right for the trick you casually got the glass, covered by the paper, near the edge of the table and then it dropped into your lap. Your serviette spread out on your knees caught it and held it securely between your knees.

Directly the glass has vanished someone is sure to say that it is in your lap, but you allow for this. You get up at once and show that the glass is not there. You picked up the glass and your serviette at the same time, the serviette covering the glass. Then you magically produce the glass from a boy's head and tell him that he is in danger of getting water on the brain.

I knew an amateur once who finished the trick in a different way. He was performing in his own house, and so he had no compunction about sprinkling the water in the tumbler underneath the table. Directly he had done that he put the glass—a small one—in his sleeve, and got up from his place to show that the glass had really vanished. Then he went up to his son and took the glass from his pocket. The son was a confederate.

A Mysterious Glass.—(1) Shaping the paper round the glass.

(2) The glass is dropped behind the table and caught between the knees.

(3) Putting the plate on the paper. The audience believe that the glass is still there, and are surprised when the paper is suddenly squashed flat with the plate.

It is a great mistake, in my opinion, to take an unnecessary amount of trouble over tricks. It is never advisable to do this; but it does not do to be too careless — as I once was.

I had been performing at a lunatic asylum, and I had been told beforehand that the patients were very fond of flowers. Therefore, instead of finishing up a trick, as I usually did when I presented it to children, by producing sweets, I magically produced some seeds in a large bag and told the lunatic who was assisting me on the stage that I hoped he would find them useful in the garden. I noticed that I did not get quite the applause I had expected the next time I came on the stage, and an attendant explained matters.

"Don't you think you'd better stop here, sir, now you are here? You've given 'em split peas to grow."

I had asked in the shop for sweet pea seeds, and had never troubled to look inside the bag.

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A Weird Orange.—(1) How the ribbon is rolled round the needle.

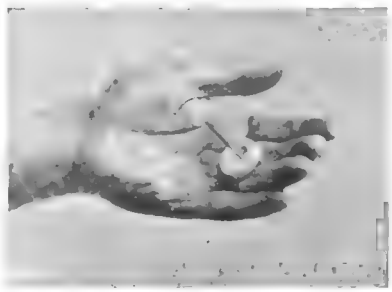
A WEIRD ORANGE.

This is a useful little trick to do when you are asked to do "just one more" round the dinner-table. You ask someone for a Tangerine orange from the dish. When you get it you begin to peel it, and if you do the trick neatly you will surprise your audience by drawing out a yard or two of very narrow, orange-coloured ribbon. The ribbon and your hands may be examined, for you have no apparatus concealed anywhere.

Perhaps that was hardly true. You had a needle—in fact, you cannot do the trick without a needle. Get one of such a length that when it is pressed through a Tangerine orange the point will just appear on the other side. To prepare for the trick have about two yards of orange-coloured ribbon of the kind called "baby" ribbon, and when you have got one end into the eye of the needle wind it round and round into a little coil. Keep it from coming undone by sticking a pin into it. Now for the trick.

Just before you were asked to do the trick you got the coil of ribbon, with the needle sticking straight out of it, into your left hand. You pulled out the pin and let it drop on the carpet. When the Tangerine orange was handed to you you placed it on the top of the needle and squeezed the orange into your hand. Thus the needle went through the orange, and when you peeled the orange you merely got hold of the point of the needle and dragged it right through the orange, taking the ribbon with it. In the moment of surprise caused by the appearance of the ribbon you slipped the ribbon out of the eye of the needle and hid the needle in your hand. When all the ribbon had been drawn out of the orange you naturally wiped your hands on your serviette, and in so doing dropped the needle on the floor.

I advise the use of a Tangerine orange because it is so convenient to handle. Do not trouble about having a lot of ribbon; you will find a difficulty in keeping it rolled up neatly. If your hands are very hot you may find a difficulty in getting a tight hold of the end of the needle, but you can get out of that difficulty by using a knife.



(2) Hiding the ribbon and the needle in the left hand.

I have often done this little trick for the amusement of my friends, and I can assure you that it goes well.

I have often found it rather a difficult matter to persuade an amateur conjuror that a trick is not necessarily a bad one because no great amount of skill is needed to show it. Amateurs are too apt to think highly of a trick because it demands many weary hours of practice before it can be shown; they forget that the manual or digital skill needed in the trick is, after all, only a means to an end, and that if that end can be reached in a less arduous manner so much the better for the conjuror. It is an undoubted fact that a man may be exceedingly "clever with his hands" and yet be a very poor conjuror. He has learnt how to "work" his tricks but not how to show them. I trust that no one will infer from this that I consider a conjuror ought to cultivate the "showman's manner" when he is doing a trick. On the contrary, that style ought to be most carefully avoided, and the amateur

(3) The orange being pressed over the needle.

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should aim at being natural, unaffected, and quite "easy" in the delivery of his patter and the exhibition of his tricks.

I mention this point because the trick with which I will close this chapter is exceedingly simple, but it is not to be despised on that account. The conjuror should endeavour to be rather serious and impressive when he is going to do it, for it is one of those tricks which are made or marred by the conjuror's presentation of it.

This, of course, may be said of almost any trick, but it is specially true in the present case. I will merely call it

(4) A piece of the peel is taken off, and the needle and ribbon are pulled through the orange.

A THOUGHT-READING TRICK.

The conjuror may announce it as a feat of genuine thought-reading. He asks someone to hold an orange in one hand and an apple in the other, and to think hard of one of them. With the excuse that it makes the experiment a little less difficult if "the circuit of thought is completed," the conjuror asks his assistant to hold the hand containing the article he is thinking of close to his forehead. The conjuror turns away, holds his hand to his forehead in the same way,

(5) An exposed view of the trick.

and appears to be deep in thought. Suddenly he announces that he has read his assistant's thought and asks him to drop his hand. Simultaneously the conjuror swings round and tells his assistant whether he was thinking of the orange or the apple.

No skill at all is required in this trick; everything depends on the presentation of it. When the conjuror turns round after he has said that he had read the person's thought, he glances quickly at the person's hands, and the hand which is the whiter of the two will be the one which was held to the forehead. The conjuror secretly noted beforehand which hand held the orange and which the apple, and was thus able to conduct the little experiment successfully.

(6) The end of the trick. The orange does not appear to have been specially prepared although it has yielded several yards of ribbon.

Nowadays, when so many people dabble in "mysticism" and "the occult," one such individual is often to be found at the average dinner table, and the trick which I have just described frequently rouses the occult person to a long and (to the conjuror) highly entertaining dissertation on mental telepathy, not seldom including various explanations of the trick just performed.

In fact, you have only to be sufficiently solemn over your thought-reading in order to create a very great impression on most gatherings.

I think that in this and the preceding article I have supplied the amateur conjuror with sufficient dinner-table tricks to enable him to prove a very entertaining adjunct to any dinner party.

Remember always that a plausible, easy, confident manner is more than half the battle when you are performing, and if you should make a slip it can often be concealed by a little presence of mind.

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THE LADY IN THE CORNER

THE TALE OF A SUFFRAGETTE

How She was Captured by the Police.

By Butler Herbert.

I.

The policeman whose special duty it was to protect the Minister's house happened to be enjoying a glass of beer and a chat with the second housemaid in the area down below, when the twenty ladies arrived in a body, and rang the front-door bell vigorously.

Somewhat disconcerted, the man in blue handed back his glass to the girl before he had half emptied it, so great was his hurry; and then, running heavily up the steps, blew his whistle loudly, shrilly, and continuously.

A swarm of big men in uniform promptly appeared from nowhere in particular in answer to this call for assistance, and swooping down the quiet street from either end in two bodies, commenced to restore order by creating an affray.

The rights of the matter feminine were hotly contested, and it took nearly half-an-hour ere the police succeeded in ringing round, three deep, the tattered fragments of the morning callers, who had only wished to ask a simple question of the timid, elderly gentleman within, who was just then seriously considering the advisability of purchasing an aeroplane and keeping it in readiness on the lawn at the back of the house for occasions such as this.

A keen-eyed superintendent, who was sorting out the prisoners and giving instructions as to their destination, quicky noted a new face among the group of habitual offenders, who, dishevelled and excited, seemed all to be talking at once.

"I've not seen that one before," he said to a burly, elderly constable standing by his side. "The tall girl, I mean, with dark hair and eyes. She's quite young, Stapleton," he

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went on, surveying with much interest the tall, slim, supple form, and slightly sun-tinged cheeks of his captive, Marjorie Somers by name, "and fresh from the country, too."

"She is, sir," assented Constable Stapleton gravely. "She ain't much more than a child, though she's so tall. Why, she ain't put her hair up a month, I dare wager. Look at the trick she's still got of trying to shake it out of her eyes every time she bends her head."

The superintendent smiled, for the elderly Stapleton was not, as a rule, noted for any special powers of observation.

"Well, you've got a lot of grown-up girls of your own, and should know their ways."

He paused, and looked across at the eager young Marjorie, rubbing his chin reflectively.

"Is your wife at Wine Street, Stapleton?" he asked the man at his side suddenly.

"Yes, sir," said Stapleton, "taking the place of Mrs. Green while she's laid up."

The superintendent pointed to the young girl.

"Take her down to Wine Street. She will be better away from the others. Let your wife look after her. And see here, Stapleton," he added in an undertone, "after you have charged her with obstructing the police and the rest, just tell Inspector Craigie, on the quiet, to try to find out who her parents are, and pack her off home to them. Tell him I leave the case entirely to his discretion. You understand!"

"Yes, sir," said Constable Stapleton. "And can I take Green with me? She's a big girl, and may not go quietly. She looks as if she'd got a will of her own. It's not far to Wine Street, but it's far enough with a crowd of riff-raff a-following at your heels."

The cautious superintendent glanced across at Constable Green, who was a still stouter and older edition of the bearded, fatherly Stapleton.

"All right," he said. "And use as little force as possible—she's only a silly child."

So Marjorie Somers was separated from her companions and haled off to Wine Street police station by the two elderly constables, to whom, I am sorry to say, she gave as much trouble as she possibly could during her short and unwilling journey. Some forty yards before you come to the entrance of the police station proper, a pair of lofty, blue-painted doors, heavily spiked with iron on the top, denote the entrance to the paved courtyard in which that useful, but not aristocratic vehicle, the "Black Maria," picks up and sets down its cargo of "dead-heads," as occasion demands.

Through these doors Marjorie was hastily bundled by her two harassed custodians, who then, loosing their hold of her, slammed them to in the face of the very open-mouthed following of all sorts, sizes, and sexes which had enlivened by their remarks the young lady's progress to the prison cell.

The two portly and perspiring men in blue then simultaneously removed helmets, as large as small coal-scuttles, and after producing from their interiors red bandana handkerchiefs, proceeded with an air of hearty unanimity to mop their heated brows, eyeing sternly their young captive the while.

"As strong as a young hoss," said the grey-headed Constable Stapleton, who could never quite dissociate his ideas from the farmhouse where his youth had been spent. "Never did I take into custody a female so strong, and I've took a many in my time."

The huge, fatherly P.C. Green nodded assent as he drew his handkerchief across the crown of his bald head.

"I wish, miss," he said to Marjorie, who was standing close to the wall, breathing rather fast, and trying to pull together her tattered coat, which had lost several buttons in the fray, "that you were my darter—and I've got six as it is, all grown-up young women. I shouldn't bother then to drag you along all a-kicking and a-scratching. No, that I shouldn't. I'd take a strap to you, and a thick one. That's what you want," he concluded severely.

Marjorie's black eyes flashed angrily, and her brown cheeks flushed redly.

"Just like a man," she cried scornfully. "Brute force—nothing but brute force towards us women."

P.C. Green stooped down and rubbed his right knee cautiously.

"How should you describe nearly breaking the kneecap of a man old enough to be your father with a kick of your boot, miss?" he asked quietly, as he slowly reared himself upright again. "What name might you call that by, now?"

"Just for doing his dooty," put in P.C. Stapleton, who was testing one of his cheeks with his handkerchief to see if a smarting scratch were bleeding. "A young lady like you ought to be ashamed of herself. We are only carrying out our orders, as you well know."

Marjorie looked rather annoyed.

"Blame those who gave the orders, not me!" she cried loftily.

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Just as she spoke, the door of the building on the opposite side of the yard opened, and a bareheaded, dark, stout man, with a sergeant's chevrons showing on his sleeve, came hurrying across the flagstones with a great air of authority.

"Stapleton! Green!" he cried briskly. "What's this?"

"From Duncan Street, sir," explained Constable Green. "Obstructing the police. Superintendent Robinson ordered us to bring this one down here, and a nice job we have had of it, too."

The sergeant nodded comprehendingly.

"I thought so, when I caught sight of you through the window," he said with a smile, as he looked Marjorie up and down. "The inspector guessed half-an-hour ago there was a big bother on when they telephoned for every man we could spare. Come along, miss," he added, turning to Marjorie. "We are not often honoured with Suffragettes down here. You will want to send for your friends to bail you out, you know."

Marjorie looked at the doorway across the yard.

"I shan't stir a footstep," she announced, setting her face determinedly. "You've had to drag me all the way as it is, and you may as well complete your brutality," she concluded indignantly, as she swung round and faced the two grave, elderly constables.

"Come, come," said the pompous sergeant reprovingly, "drop that sort of talk, miss. It's wasted inside these walls. There's no sympathetic audience, or reporters for half-penny papers in here. Come along this instant and see the inspector in the office. For goodness' sake don't be any more silly than you can help. I've been married twice, and have learnt to make allowances for your sex," he added as a persuasory afterthought.

Marjorie glared angrily at him, and at the two constables, who were smiling broadly at their superior officer's concluding words. This was her first essay in martyrdom, and so far she had rather enjoyed it.

The spoilt and petted only daughter of a worthy Worcestershire squire and his wife, Marjorie had unfortunately of late fallen, unknown to her parents, very much under the influence of a prominent and enthusiastic member of the Women's Suffrage League; a middle-aged woman whose enthusiasm swept away out of sight all those notions of honour and morality which ought to have prevented her drawing an old friend's very young and inexperienced daughter into the turbulent vortex of hysterical passion, which seems to be the chief ingredient of the "physical-force" side of the movement.

Only the day before, at the instigation of this lady, and unknown to her parents, Marjorie had run up to town and enrolled herself as a member of the League. That day's programme had been to raid the house of a certain well-known member of the Government in order to ask him questions; though why they should do so Marjorie failed to understand.

They might just as well, she thought, in her school-girlish inexperience, have written him a letter and inclosed a stamped addressed envelope, as her mother did when she inquired as to a servant's character. Nevertheless, being a fine, healthy young animal, her blood had risen in the fray, and she had fought and struggled with the best of them, until she had arrived at her present position behind the lofty blue doors in the quiet courtyard.

"Come on," said the sergeant after a pause, gently touching her elbow.

"I won't," cried Marjorie, stamping her foot on the stones, and backing up against the whitewashed wall.

The sergeant scratched his head perplexedly. Constables Stapleton and Green, as in duty bound, followed their superior officer's example.

"Now, miss," said the sergeant at length, "be reasonable."

"I shan't," said Marjorie rudely.

"How long are you going to be talking there?" came a man's voice across the yard at this juncture.

"It's the inspector," said the sergeant to Marjorie. "Coming directly, sir," he added in louder tones to the man who had appeared in the doorway.

For a moment the inspector looked across the yard at the group by the big doors, then turned round and called to somebody in the interior of the building.

"He's calling my missus," said Constable Stapleton, as the inspector turned round again, and coming out of the doorway strode towards them, an erect, squarely-built young man with a bronzed, clean-cut, well-bred face.

Close at his heels came a small, middle-aged woman, respectably dressed in black.

This was Mrs. Stapleton, who was temporarily looking after the creature comforts of the inmates—willing and unwilling—of the police-station, and also performing when required the onerous duty of female warder to the establishment.

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The inspector looked with some interest out of a pair of very deep blue eyes at the dark, handsome young girl standing against the wall like a hunted deer at bay.

"What's the matter?" he asked the sergeant in quiet, well-modulated tones.

"Won't do what she's told, sir," replied the man simply.

The inspector smiled slightly and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Usual thing, I suppose?" he said. "Obstructing the police and assault, eh?"

For answer Constable Green rubbed his knee, and Constable Stapleton put his hand to his cheek; while the sergeant looked sympathetically shocked.

The inspector smiled again and turned to Marjorie.

"Now, young woman," he began briskly, though not rudely, "you are in here and cannot get away. So mind and behave yourself. Come along inside at once without any more trouble."

"I won't," snapped Marjorie, looking fiercely out of her black eyes into the blue ones of the man before her.

"If you won't come of your own accord," he said quietly, "we shall have to take you. We are used to awkward young women here, are we not, Mrs. Stapleton?" he added, turning to the woman in black, who with folded arms was standing looking on.

"'Ave them 'ere by 'undreds," corroborated the lady addressed with a superior smile.

"So don't compel us to use force," concluded the inspector, turning back again to the captive.

"Force—nothing but force!" sneered Marjorie, casting a disdainful look around at the four men in uniform.

The inspector's eyes twinkled, for he alone saw the unintentional jest.

"It will take all four of you to drag me inside," she went on, proudly drawing up her slim, well-developed girlish figure. "I'm no poor ordinary, weak, undersized woman." The inspector suppressed another smile as Marjorie looked meaningly at the small, lean Mrs. Stapleton. "I'm as strong as any of you, and I won't stir an inch—so there!" And a stamp of her foot emphasised the speaker's last petulant remark.

The handsome face of the inspector flushed a little, and the square shoulders squared themselves a little more.

"Let me tell you at once, my good girl," he began sharply, "that it won't take four of us, or even three, or even two, to get you inside the office, for I'll do it by myself if you won't come willingly. A girl like you, who has only just left school, and ought to be sent back to it, thinking she can defy four grown men! You had better get rid of such ridiculous notions without delay."

"The very hidea!" interpolated the shrill voice of Mrs. Stapleton.

Marjorie neither stirred nor spoke. The inspector took out his watch.

"I'll give you just half-a-minute to make up your mind in," he cried in very decided tones, looking straight at the angry young woman in the grey tweed coat and skirt, "and then if you don't walk across to the office of your own accord, things will happen that you will not like."

Marjorie shook her head and closed her small mouth firmly.

The sergeant and the two constables waited with an air of pleased expectancy, for "Gentleman Jack," as John Craigie was wont to be called before he attained his quick promotion to the rank of inspector, had done some strange things in the way of feats of physical strength during his career in the force.

"Time's up!" The inspector replaced his watch as he spoke.

Marjorie backed a little closer against the wall, half nervous, half angry.

"Mind the whitewash on your jacket!" suddenly cried the inspector.

Marjorie's feminine instincts, alas! proved her downfall, for she at once glanced over her right shoulder and stepped away from the wall.

Simultaneously with Marjorie's forward movement her watchful foe alertly stepped forward, and slipping his arm round her slim waist, gripped her right wrist firmly.

Then he stooped down, and quicker than one can describe it, with the aid of a powerful left arm swung the tall young girl clean off the ground as deftly and easily as if she were a little child. This being accomplished, without a word he turned, and headed with his burden straight across the yard to the doorway opposite.

Marjorie was strong, very strong indeed for her age, and she made a really noble effort to free herself. But her right wrist, incircled with a grip of steel, was held down to her side, while her left arm and shoulder, pinned to her captor's broad chest, were useless.

As to kicking, that was quite out of the question, for so deftly was she held that poor Marjorie could hardly wriggle her toes in their neat tan shoes.

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She bowed to the inevitable and allowed herself to be carried quietly across the yard.

For a few moments she writhed and struggled silently, with all the power she was capable of exerting. Then it suddenly dawned on her that here was a new force, stronger than any she had hitherto experienced — a kind of treatment very different from that which the two elderly constables had meted out to her. This big young man was manifestly her master, and having sense enough left to recognise the fact, she bowed to the inevitable and allowed herself to be carried quietly across the yard.

The two policemen and the sergeant followed behind admiringly in the silence that ensued after Mrs. Stapleton's solitary exclamation of "Did you ever!"—ere she herself proceeded to bring up the rear of the procession.

They entered a large, quiet office, bare of all furniture save for a desk in the centre, and a few wooden-seated chairs with their backs to the opposite wall.

Inspector Craigie walked over to the corner farthest from the door, on the right-hand side of the fireplace, and in it dumped down Marjorie.

"Stand there," he said sternly.

Marjorie obeyed, looking dumbly miserable. For the first time in her life she was fain to admit she had found her master. The primeval elements of human nature had forced her to acknowledge the presence of physical strength and to bow down before it — the primeval elements which æons of civilisation will never quite eradicate.

Without any signs of triumph, Inspector Craigie sat down at the desk and in a businesslike way drew forward a sheet of blue

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paper, while the rest of the company grouped themselves round the door.

"Now, Stapleton," he began, "what's the charge?"

"Obstruction, sir, and assault on the police," answered the worthy constable tersely, with a twinkle in his grey eyes as he looked at the unhappy lady in the corner.

The inspector wrote for a minute or two on the sheet of paper before him, and then looked across at Marjorie.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Marjorie Somers," replied the girl, in a voice which somehow seemed to have lost its fire.

"Where do you come from?" went on the questioner, when he had noted down the answer.

"Saxonton," said Marjorie.

Inspector Craigie gave a slight start.

"What!" he cried, "Saxonton in Worcestershire?"

Marjorie nodded.

"Daughter of Roderick Somers, of the Towers?"

"Yes," said Marjorie feebly, swaying a little as she spoke.

Inspector Craigie glanced sharply at the girl's face, for his keen ear had detected the note of faintness in her voice.

Then he pointed with the end of his pen to a chair, and Mrs. Stapleton placed it for Marjorie to sink down on.

"Well, well!" muttered the inspector. "Roderick Somers' daughter!"

"How long have you been in London?" was his next question.

"Only since yesterday. Miss Feeney sent for me."

The inspector nodded. Miss Feeney was well known to the police.

"She used to stay at our house," added Marjorie.

Inspector Craigie paused for a moment, absently playing with his penholder the while.

"Don't you think you had better go back home by the afternoon train, Miss Somers?" he began at length gently, with a kindly look in his dark blue eyes. "You were never meant for a woman agitator. The mayfly will be coming out soon. Go back and help your father catch the big trout which lie at the foot of the old weir under the chestnut trees. You know the spot I mean. Goodness me, I haven't seen them since I was a boy of fifteen——"

He broke off, for Marjorie was leaning forward crying silently.

The stout Stapleton stepped forward.

"Send her back to her pa and ma, sir," he urged. "The super. said he left it all to you. My missus can give her some tea and send her off by the next train. I'm sure neither me nor Green here wishes to press any charge against her."

Constable Green nodded approvingly, as did Inspector Craigie; while the miserable Marjorie wiped her eyes and rather pathetically tried to express her thanks.

II.

It was late in the autumn, and Marjorie had just returned home from a long yachting trip in the Mediterranean with her father and mother. On her arrival at the Towers she found an invitation for the morrow awaiting her—an invitation to tea from a very small girl friend who lived a lonely, motherless life in a country vicarage three miles away. So, as the post had gone, she accepted the invitation in person by appearing the next day at the hour appointed, namely, four o'clock.

After the first warm welcome of her little blue-eyed, brown-haired friend had been received and reciprocated, Marjorie knelt down on the bearskin rug before the drawing-room fire, already occupied by three cats and two dogs, and proceeded to question and to be questioned.

"Whom else are you expecting to tea, Ena?" she suddenly inquired, as her eye fell on a tray containing three teacups.

"My new friend," said the little girl importantly. "The one I've made since you have been away all this long time."

"Who is she?" asked Marjorie.

"It isn't a she," corrected the small person; "it's a he. It's Lord Dashwood. He often comes to see me."

"Lord Dashwood!" repeated Marjorie, her thoughts reverting to a certain elderly, miserly peer of vast wealth and exceedingly bad temper, who lived in a fine old place a couple of miles away. "Why, you must be wrong, Ena. Lord Dashwood's a bedridden old man of eighty, or more. He can't get out."

"I know that one can't," said Ena calmly, "because daddy's buried him. But this is the new one."

"But Lord Dashwood had no sons," argued Marjorie.

"The new one is not Lord Dashwood's son," said Ena; "he was only a second cousin. But he was rabbit to the title and all the money."

"Rabbit?" repeated the mystified listener on the rug.

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There before her stood Inspector Craigie.

"Hare, I mean," explained Ena. "They are so much alike!"

Marjorie laughed, and Ena began to smooth down the mass of jet-black hair which surmounted her friend's head.

"You are going to marry him," the little girl said at length.

"Oh, am I?" said Marjorie, who like the cats was staring absently into the fire.

"Yes," said the little girl. "I fought it all out last night. I love you both so much. I told nurse this morning, and she said you'd make a well-matched couple."

Marjorie laughed. The child looked rather hurt.

"You needn't laugh," she protested—"it's really and truly. I settled what I was going to wear at your wedding when I was in bed. A blue frock with silver buttons is what I've decided on," she concluded decisively.

"A blue frock with silver buttons!" said Marjorie. "But why did you choose that, Ena?"

"Because," said Ena solemnly, "my dear Dashwood was once a policeman."

"A policeman!" ejaculated Marjorie.

The little girl nodded.

"Yes," she said. "He was once a policeman and carried a pair of handcuffs and a staff in his pocket. He told me so

"But the heir to a peerage," began the mystified Marjorie, "being only a common policeman. You surely must be wrong, Ena."

Ena drew herself up.

"I'm not wrong, Marjorie, I never am," she cried with a great air of certainty. "Lord Dashwood, the one that's deaded, had a first cousin, Lancelot, who married quite a poor girl, and got cut off by his family and died, accompanied by his wife, very early in life of starvation. At least, that's what nurse says."

"Yes," said Marjorie, who was listening with much interest to this romance of the peerage.

"They left a son behind them, an orphan, aged fourteen," the little speaker continued

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gravely, "who came to live at Lord Dashwood's, and was treated as if he had been the son of a 'ung criminal instead of a Henglish gentleman—at least, so nurse says—and when he was fifteen John, who is now my dear Lord Dashwood, ran away to sea, and by degrees drifted off the sea into London and became a P.C.—at least so he says, and always laughs when I ask him what's the joke, because there is a joke somewhere I can see by his face. So tell me what it is, Marjorie?"

"A policeman is sometimes called a police-constable," Marjorie was beginning to explain, when the door behind her opened, and a servant's voice announced:

"Lord Dashwood."

Marjorie rose to her feet and looked wonderingly at the tall, handsome man in riding-clothes who was smiling slightly as he came across the room. The deep-blue eyes and broad, square shoulders were somehow familiar, and as the newcomer advanced into the fuller light of the lamp she gave a slight gasp, for there before her stood Inspector Craigie.

* * * * *

At the end of an hour and a half Lord Dashwood rose to depart. He did not want to go, he explained, but as two lawyers and his land agent must have been waiting for half-an-hour already, and the Castle was two miles away, he really thought he should have to.

At the door of the room he turned once more and shook his forefinger at his little hostess.

"Now be a good girl," he said, "else I shall put you in the corner when I come again."

"And Marjorie too?" cried Ena gleefully.

"Perhaps," said the big man enigmatically, as his blue eyes for an instant met Marjorie's black ones ere he went out and closed the door behind him.

* * * * *

The blue frock with silver buttons worn by Ena just a year later at the wedding of her dear friends, Marjorie Somers and Lord Dashwood, proved a striking success. In fact, it appealed quite forcibly to some half dozen stalwart members of the X Division who had run down from town in order to see their late inspector join the ranks of the Benedicts. As one of the journals, devoted to womankind, put it: "The little bridesmaid was the cynosure of all eyes," whatever that may mean.

ROBIN AT THE MILL.

The Squire, they say, has sacks of gold,
And Robin next to none;
But then, you see, the Squire is old
While Robin's twenty-one.

In marriage, both have sought my hand;
In fact, they seek it still—
The one lives at the Manor, and
The other at the Mill.

The Squire is grim and gaunt and grey,
With gout in both his knees;
The Squire wears broadcloth every day,
And Robin only frieze.

The Squire he drives a coach and four,
While Robin drives a cart;
The one is rich, the other poor—
But Robin has my heart.

And though I know the Squire could give
Me silks and satins, still,
I'd rather dress in serge and live
With Robin at the Mill.

Ada Leonora Harris.

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"Lizerann"

A Further Story of a Boarding-House Handmaiden, Telling How She Laid Out the Mutton Money.

By E. Newton Bungey.

"Is this Scotch mutton, Miss Castleton?" demanded Major Blenkinsop fiercely. He glared from under bushy white eyebrows at little Miss Castleton, causing her to shrink in her chair.

"N-no, Major," she replied nervously. "I do not think it is Scotch."

"Then I refuse to eat any of it, Miss Castleton. The only mutton worth eating is Scotch mutton, and I decline to eat any other. Henceforth, if I am to stay here, let your motto on mutton days be 'Scotch mutton and only Scotch mutton.'"

Lizerann, Miss Castleton's maid-of-all-work, stood behind the irascible major balancing a dish of potatoes. She was strongly tempted to have an accident with them, they were so close to the major's head. This thought, coupled with the concluding remarks of the military gentleman, caused her to giggle slightly. Major Blenkinsop swung round, and surveyed her with his best "parade in review order" expression.

"Did I hear you laugh?" he demanded.

"Me, sir?" said Lizerann, in tones of offended innocence. "Lor, Major, sir, I never said a word, that I didn't, an' will you 'ave boiled or baked without yer mutton?"

The major blinked. He was very keen on baked potatoes, but he wanted meat to go with them. He had read that day in a periodical a paragraph eulogising Scotch mutton, and he had decided not to eat any other.

"Um—er—well, I'll have baked," he said, "and this time I'll—er—take some mutton, but in the future it must be Scotch, Miss Castleton, real Scotch."

Lizerann, who was helping the lady on the major's right, looked up sharply.

"Scotch, Major, sir?" she repeated. "I don't think we've got any, miss, 'ave we?"

A ripple of laughter ran round the boarding-house table.

"You misunderstood, Eliza," said Miss Castleton. "Major Blenkinsop referred to Scotch mutton."

Of which fact Lizerann was perfectly well aware.

Lizerann's humorous features were a source of continual delight to the tradesmen's boys. They were also a source of inspiration just before the fifth of November. But her capabilities were not to be judged by her looks, which was fortunate for Miss Castleton's boarding establishment. The latter was situated in a West End square, and formed Miss Castleton's sole means of subsistence

Lizerann and the scullery maid washed up the crockery that evening, whilst Miss Castleton, as usual, polished the silver and glassware.

"Eliza," Miss Castleton said, when the scullery maid had departed from the kitchen, "Eliza, you heard what the major said at dinner?"

"Yus, miss, an' I wish I'd done it,' muttered Lizerann viciously.

"Done what?"

"Sloshed 'im with the baked," Lizerann

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replied. "Wot's 'e know 'bout Scotch mutton? Scotch whisky's more in 'is line."

"Eliza!" said Miss Castleton severely, "I cannot have you speaking of my guests in such a disrespectful manner. However, you must remember in future when ordering mutton to order Scotch mutton—I cannot afford to lose the major."

"D'you know wot the butcher charges for it, miss?"

"No, Eliza."

"A shillin' a pound."

"Eliza!" cried Miss Castleton in alarm.

"Solemn troof, miss. Finger wet, finger dry, cut me throat if I tell a lie."

Lizerann's poetical quotation was lost on her mistress. Miss Castleton stood staring miserably at the kitchen range, her soft brown eyes looking suspiciously moist. She was making a mental calculation of out-of-pocket expenses which would be incurred by purchasing Scotch mutton. A storm of anger arose in Lizerann's angular frame. She adored her mistress. Miss Castleton was the first person she had ever known who had been really kind to her, and she repaid this kindness by fierce loyalty and enthusiastic service.

"Is this Scotch mutton, Miss Castleton?" demanded Major Blenkinsop fiercely.

Poor little Miss Castleton was not fitted to be a boarding-house keeper. Her slender form was too frail to withstand the storms of such work. Her heart was too soft and warm, her manners too gentle, and, accordingly, she was a prey to callous schemers. She gave all the boarders fullest value for their money, and her profits were exceedingly small.

"We gen'rally 'as ten pounds o' mutton at sevenpence, that's a difference o'—one, two, three, four, fi-fi'pence a pound diff'rence," said Lizerann, summing up the case. "Wot's ten fi'pences, miss?"

"Four and twopence," replied Miss Castleton.

"Three mutton days a week, miss, makes ——" Lizerann tried to work out the sum by means of her fingers.

"Twelve and sixpence, Eliza."

"'E ain't worf it, miss," blazed Lizerann. "Give 'im the bullet."

"What would he want with a bullet, Eliza?" asked Miss Castleton in puzzled tones.

Lizerann grinned and explained, but Miss Castleton decided that she could not afford to give notice to the major.

"We must pay one shilling a pound, Eliza," she said firmly.

Two days later mutton day dawned again. Lizerann made matters slightly better by

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stating that she had discovered a shop where Scotch mutton could be obtained for elevenpence a pound. So, ever afterwards, Lizerann sallied out to purchase the meat on mutton days. She also showed Miss Castleton a new way of cooking the mutton so that it retained the gravy.

"Ah!" cried Major Blenkinsop, "this is the stuff to tickle the palate. This chap," he pointed to the mutton on his plate, "probably came from the Grampian Hills—finest meat in the world. A little bit more underdone this time, Miss Castleton."

So Scotch mutton became an institution at the boarding-house. Miss Castleton often thought of and sighed for the days when a joint cost seven shillings instead of eleven, as it did now. The difference seems a small one, but to Miss Castleton, with her tiny profits and ever open purse, it was terribly large

Once, some months after the introduction of the Scotch mutton, Miss Castleton timidly suggested that she should try English mutton for a change. Major Blenkinsop bristled up immediately, and little Miss Castleton shrank back in her chair.

Poor little lady. For weeks she had been meditating making such a proposal, and she had hoped so much that it would have been accepted. There were so many things she could have done with a little extra money—so many ways she had planned to turn it to account.

Week after week passed by, and winter drew near. Miss Castleton had hoped to save enough to buy herself a thick winter jacket. But, one way and another, all the money had been spent, so she had to wear her old jacket again, threadbare and shabby though it was.

Lizerann knew her mistress was troubled, and her loyal heart ached. She longed to be able to comfort Miss Castleton, and she wished that her mistress would confide in her. But Miss Castleton had her share of pride, and kind as she was to Lizerann, she had never allowed her servant to forget their relative positions.

One evening Miss Castleton came down into the kitchen, looking very dejected and forlorn. Lizerann watched her mistress furtively, and presently brought a cup of tea in from the scullery.

"You drink that, miss, an' then 'ave a good cry," Lizerann advised. "It'll do you a world of good."

Miss Castleton drank the tea gratefully, but she did not act on Lizerann's second suggestion, though she was perilously near it.

That night, as Lizerann lay awake, breathlessly spelling out a novelette by the light of a candle, she was startled by the sound of a voice. But in a moment she recognised it as that of her mistress; she was speaking in her bedroom. Lizerann sat up and listened.

"I can't keep on any longer," came the voice in low moaning tones. "I can't—I can't. I must give up—I must—there is no hope anywhere for me—none at all."

Lizerann was terribly scared. The voice sounded very weird in the dead of the night, but her loyalty triumphed; her mistress was in trouble, so she sallied from her room in her nightgown. Miss Castleton's room was next to Lizerann's—they were two attics—and she always kept her door open so that she might hear quicker if she were wanted during the night.

Lizerann gently pushed the door wider open and saw her mistress, attired in a dressing-gown, seated on the edge of her bed staring at a photo which stood on a table alongside. Lizerann had often seen that photo; it was of a good-looking young man, and she had conjured up a dozen romances concerning it, but she had never learnt who the man was.

"Why didn't you come back, Arthur?" asked Miss Castleton in the same hopeless tones. "Everything seemed to end when I gave up hope." She caught the photo up and pressed it to her lips.

Lizerann drew back quickly. She felt as though she had ventured on some sacred ground, that she should go away and leave this woman to her sorrow. But her compassion became paramount, and with a husky cough she entered the room.

"Don't you take on so, miss," she said, stretching out her red, bony hands. "Tell us wot the trouble is an' let me 'elp you."

Miss Castleton laid the photo down and turned her weary eyes on Lizerann. The sympathy in the voice, the companionship of the gesture, swept away all her pride, and let loose her tears. She grasped the outstretched hands and murmured:

"Oh, Eliza, it's so hopeless."

"There, there," said Lizerann, seating herself on the bed beside her mistress and taking the latter's aching head on her shoulder. "Cry, missy, dear, it'll do you good."

"He never came back, Eliza," Miss Castleton whispered. "Thirteen years ago he sailed to Australia to come back in two years to marry me. I waited five, Eliza; after the third I never heard from him again."

"Poor missy, poor missy," said Lizerann

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hoarsely, her tears flowing fast. She wanted to say something more comforting, but no words would come.

For a long time the two women sat side by side, until Miss Castleton gently slipped from Lizerann's embrace.

"Eliza," she said, "where will you go when this house is closed?"

"Lor', miss, where you does," replied Lizerann

Miss Castleton snook her head. "No, Eliza," she said slowly. "I shall not be able to keep a servant."

"Wot are you shuttin' up this place for?" Lizerann demanded.

"I'll tell you, Eliza. You know it has been my practice to pay ready money for everything. Well, I have let the grocer's bill go, and I've no money to meet it. I've sold what little jewellery I had left. Tradesmen are always suspicious of ready-money customers who want credit, and Jenkins the grocer has threatened me with proceedings if I don't settle his account."

"I'll threaten 'im," snorted Lizerann. "Let 'im come 'ere a-talkin' about proceedin's, an' I'll see 'ow 'e'll like a pail o' soapy water in 'is ugly face."

"Hush, Eliza, the man is merely acting according to his prerogative."

"Then I'll give 'is prerogative the dose, miss."

Miss Castleton laughed sadly. "No, Eliza," she said. "I've reached the end of my tether. I can't pay Jenkins, and he'll put a man in possession."

"Wot about the lodgers' money, miss?"

"I have used it all, and there is no more due for a week. Jenkins won't wait after to-morrow. I have told no one, but Mr. and Mrs. Allerston, who went away suddenly this morning, left me a cheque in payment which the bank refuses to honour. It's the last straw, Eliza," the poor little lady murmured tremulously. "I was going to try and stave Jenkins off with that."

"Wait a bit, miss," said Lizerann. "I've got somethin' I was savin' up to give you at Christmas, but you'd best 'ave it now."

Lizerann ran noiselessly from the room, and presently returned carrying a stocking which contained something weighty and bulgy. Without a word she emptied the contents on the bed. It was a heap of silver and coppers.

"There you are, miss," she said in triumphant tones. "That'll be a smack in the heye for ol' Jenkins, the narsty pig."

Miss Castleton's eyes filled with tears again. "Oh, you good, kind soul," she said. "But I cannot take your savings, Eliza."

Lizerann was busily engaged in counting up the various coins. Presently she looked up, saying:

"Eleven pound, seven shillin's, an' fourpence, miss."

"Put it back, Eliza," said Miss Castleton gently. "I do appreciate your kindness more than I can express in words, but I would never dream of taking your savings."

"My savin's!" cried Lizerann. "That ain't my savin's."

"Then what is it?"

"The mutton money."

"The mutton money?" repeated little Miss Castleton in bewilderment. "I don't understand."

"Why, it's like this 'ere, miss. When the ol' major said he wanted Scotch mutton I wondered if 'e'd know it when 'e 'ad it. So I got some mutton an' got you to cook it so as to keep the gravy in it, an' it took 'im in wunnerful."

"Then do you mean it has not been Scotch mutton that we have been having?"

"Not a bit of it, miss. It's New Zealand mutton, fi'pence a pound. I've saved a tanner on ev'ry blessed pound, an' there it is."

Miss Castleton tried to speak, but her throat was too full. She stretched her hands out and took Lizerann's, whilst the tears poured down her face.

"Let me take it and give it to ol' Jenkins to-morrer, miss," Lizerann intreated.

She did. She carried the amount of the bill round to the shop in a bag and demanded to see Mr. Jenkins.

"'Ere," she said, "wot sorter man d'you call yourself a-threatenin' of my missis? Why, you ain't fit to clean 'er boots. 'Ere's yer money, an' you can stop callin' at our 'ouse; we don't want no more 'o your sandy sugar and shop sweepin's tea. We're a-goin' to deal awf a man wot is a man now, so put that in yer pipe an' smoke it."

The sight of the money caused Mr. Jenkins to swallow Lizerann's speech without any show of resentment, and to express a wish to receive Miss Castleton's further orders.

"Don't you come 'ankin' about our 'ouse, now," counselled Lizerann, "or I'll drench you wiv a pail of water, you 'ard-'earted ol' man."

With that Lizerann sailed from the shop, flushed with victory. She started back towards the boarding-house, but as she was

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Major Blenkinsop found her, and roughly told her to get out of the way.

crossing a square, she stopped suddenly and stared at a passing gentleman and lady.

"Lummy!" she gasped.

Then she ran after the couple and caught hold of the gentleman's arm.

"Are you Mister Arthur, sir?" she said.

The gentleman stared at her agitated countenance in astonishment—the lady with him waxed very indignant.

"Send the woman away, Mr. Ellington," she cried. "She's only a beggar."

"Ho, hindeed!" bridled Lizerann.

"She has something to say to me," said Mr. Ellington, in quiet, grave tones. "I cannot refuse to listen to her."

"As you please," snapped his companion angrily. "Perhaps you would like her to walk with us?"

Mr. Ellington turned to Lizerann. "My name is Arthur Ellington," he said.

"'Ave you bin in Horstraylyer, sir?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?" asked Arthur Ellington in puzzled tones.

"Then you're 'im wot left my missis; she's Miss Castleton, sir."

"Miss Castleton!" cried the man, a wonderful light coming into his eyes. "Miss Kitty Castleton. Where is she? Is she alive? Is she near here? Quick, tell me."

"Give us a chance, sir," said Lizerann reproachfully. "She's livin' not far from 'ere, keepin' a boardin'-house."

"My Kitty keeping a boarding-house," gasped Ellington in horrified tones. "My poor girl. I thought she was dead. They told me she was dead. You told me so," he said sternly, swinging round and facing his companion.

"I thought she was; someone said she was," was the petulant reply. "But surely you're not going to trouble about her now?"

The man laughed—such a laugh it was; it made Lizerann laugh, too, and set her heart beating quickly.

"I am," he said. "I'd go to the other end of the world to find my Kitty."

"Then I won't trouble you to accompany me," his companion said bitterly. "It will be a nice topic for the drawing-rooms, Mr.

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Ellington and a boarding-house keeper!" With that she turned and walked away rapidly.

"'Oity-toity," murmured Lizerann. "My heye, them there fevvers she's wearin' cost a bit, I'll bet."

"Hi, hansom!" shouted Ellington to a passing vehicle.

"Lor, sir, it's only five minutes' walk," protested Lizerann.

"In you get," said Ellington. "Every minute is precious now; we have lost so many."

Lizerann climbed in the hansom, her head very high. Inquisitive people watched the curiously-assorted pair, but Ellington did not care one jot. Presently the cab drew up outside the boarding-house.

"Better let me prepare 'er, sir," said Lizerann.

She ran up the steps and let herself in. Miss Castleton was dusting the dingy drawing-room.

"I've done up 'ol Jenkins, miss, an' I've found you a new boarder," Lizerann said.

"Eliza, you are a good girl——" began Miss Castleton. Then she paused and stared at a figure in the doorway. Ellington had been too impatient to wait more than a minute.

"Arthur—is it Arthur?" whispered the little lady, her soft brown eyes alight with wonder, and something else that a pen cannot describe.

"My Kitty!" cried the man, striding towards her. "My dear girl!"

Then in front of Lizerann he clasped the little woman in his arms and strained her to him.

"My dear, my dear," he whispered. "I thought I'd lost you for ever. Oh, my sweetheart, I've wanted you so much, so very much."

A loud sniff broke from Eliza, and she rushed from the room and sat on the stairs weeping copiously. Major Blenkinsop found her, and roughly told her to get out of the way.

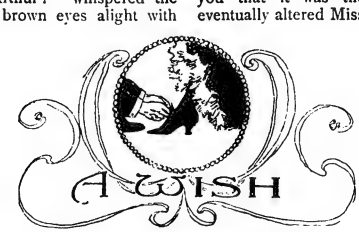
"'Ullo, Scotch mutton!" cried Lizerann, "Yah, you couldn't tell cat from rabbit."

Then she fled to her room to resume her weeping.

* * * * *

It transpired that in Australia Ellington had gone up country and had eventually reached New Guinea, where he had been taken prisoner by blacks. He had escaped after a long time, struck gold, and made his fortune. But when he returned to England Kitty Castleton had disappeared, and there were those who had told him she was dead.

If you ask Lizerann, however, she will tell you that it was the mutton money that eventually altered Miss Castleton's surname.



My love has dainty little feet
And little shoes so smart and neat,
And when these latter come untied
I kneel before my future bride
And do them up again, you see;
And often it occurs to me
To wish that it had been decreed
She had been born a centipede!

Charles Vivian.

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SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PETS

The marmoset is the most attractive of the monkeys as a pet, and costs a little less than £2. Sponge-cake, ripe fruit, and animal food are his diet.

What they Eat, What they Cost, and How to Look After them.

By FRANK FINN, B.A., F.Z.S.
Author of "Pets and How to Keep them."

THE good points of our ordinary domestic pets—cats and rabbits, canaries and goldfish—are well known to everyone; but many people would like to keep some creatures a little less familiar, and are deterred by want of knowledge as to the price and management of such, although they may have seen them often in zoological gardens or in dealers' shops in large towns.

There is a certain interest, whether of repulsion or attraction, for everyone in the monkey tribe; but the average monkey is, it must be confessed, a bit of a "handful" for a household pet, and needs special arrangements in the way of caging, etc. Nature, however, has kindly provided a number of miniature monkeys in the form of the delightful little marmosets, of which the common grey kind is so freely imported that specimens can generally be bought for under £2.

No bigger than a squirrel, and much resembling that pretty little creature in the form of the sharp-clawed paws, which are less hand-like than in other monkeys, these marmosets have a charming little half-human face, set off by long ear-tufts, which are white in one common variety and black in another.

They do not differ in other respects, and to all intents and purposes may be treated as one species. Their native place is Brazil, but with proper care they will live for years, and even breed, in this country. They are not exacting as to accommodation, for a large bird-cage—not less than a couple of feet long—will suit them well, only it must contain a little box lined with hay for them to sleep in, and be well bedded down on the floor with sawdust frequently renewed. The perches also need careful cleansing, and it is best to have a duplicate set to insure this being done properly. If placed so that they do not cross, they will require much less attention in this respect.

The staple food should be sponge-cake cut up into dice, and ripe fruit; but the great point to bear in mind in keeping these exquisite little animals is, that they are not by any means true vegetarians, but require plenty of animal food.

They will much appreciate a defunct sparrow *au naturel;* but they can be kept going on such things as mealworms, crickets, blackbeetles, and any outdoor insects one can catch for them. If such game runs short, they should be treated to a little hard-boiled egg, or a chicken or rabbit bone. It is poor feeding that makes these little things so delicate, but, of course, their cage should be kept in a warm room or conservatory, at any rate when they are first procured. They are well worth a little trouble, for they have very pretty ways, and are free from the ordinary mischievousness of monkeys.

Speaking of miniature monkeys reminds me that one often sees jerboas advertised as "miniature kangaroos." Now, scientifically speaking, a jerboa is no relative of a kangaroo at all; it has no pouch, and is a rodent like the rat. But it presents the kangaroo idea of locomotion carried out in a very complete form; beside the jerboa, the kangaroo is literally "a clumsy bounder." He does use his fore-paws in locomotion to some extent when he wants to go a few steps slowly, and though he can stand up on tiptoe, he does not walk along on his hind-legs.

But the jerboa is just as much a biped as a man or a bird. His tiny fore-paws are usually tucked closely up, and all one sees is a little, round animal supported on two excessively long, thin hind-legs, and running along in a most absurd manner. He often

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jumps as well, and when really travelling progresses by enormous bounds at a great speed.

Although a rodent, he has a pretty little head and large, dark eyes, very unlike a rat's cunning face and twinkling optics, and his long, slender tail is neatly finished off with a little black and white brush. His sandy coat is as soft as silk, and he delights in cleaning it by rolling in sand, being an inhabitant of the North African deserts. As he is hardly as big as a rat, and a remarkably clean little animal, he is the very creature for an indoor pet, and is easily housed. His cage needs to be rather long than high, as he is a ground animal, not a climber or percher, and there must be plenty of dry sand on the floor, and a little bedroom at one end.

The jerboa is not quite so big as a rat, and makes an excellent indoor pet. He is easily housed and fed, and costs about half-a-guinea.

He is a night animal, and if given a run out in the evening will be a constant source of amusement with his silent runs and skips and quaint, elfish figure. Food is no trouble; corn and green-stuff, such as one would give to a rabbit or guinea-pig, are all that he needs. Jerboas are cheaper than marmosets, costing about half-a-guinea each, and are certainly much easier to manage; they are remarkably gentle, and well suited in every way for children's pets.

It may be thought that I am leaving our British beasts rather in the lurch, but there is, as I implied at the commencement of this article, a sort of natural selection in pets, and the marmoset and jerboa would not be imported if people could get equally satisfactory animals here. We have, however, one very charming creature which is unrivalled in its particular line, in the shape of our beautiful little squirrel.

There are many kinds of squirrels, widely distributed over the world, but, to my mind, ours is the prettiest of the lot; and certainly foreign squirrels, although very freely imported, do not enter seriously into competition with ours. That is to say foreign *species*, for many of the *individuals* of the common red squirrel sold by dealers have come from the Continent as a matter of fact, especially from Hungary.

Squirrels, of course, are very familiar as pets, and present the great advantage that in a country place, at all events, they can be allowed full liberty. When they have to be caged, they should not be kept in one of those revolving-wheel abominations usually sold for their use, but housed in a large bird-cage with a sleeping-box in one corner, as recommended above for marmosets.

As with these animals, so with squirrels, it is important to remember that they are not pure vegetarians, and to give a little animal food at frequent intervals. Squirrels, however, except when quite young, should not have soft artificial articles of food, such as

The squirrel should, if caged at all, be kept in a large bird-cage and not in one with a revolving wheel. He likes corn and nuts, and may be bought for as little as five shillings.

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Budgerigars are familiar to most people as the "fortune-telling birds" seen in the streets. They are natives of Australia and very hardy. Budgerigars eat ordinary canary seed and millet, and cost about seven and sixpence a pair.

sponge-cake, but corn, nuts, and such-like hard, natural substances on which to exercise their strong rodent teeth. Any sort of fruit or vegetables that are about will be a beneficial change for them.

The squirrel, being a common European animal, is cheap, costing often as little as five shillings; but for a tame, gentle, hand-reared animal, really suited for a house pet and fit to be handled, two or three times as much must be paid.

When we come to consider birds, there is no doubt that more pets belong to this class than to any other; yet many people fail to take an interest in them from not knowing the best kinds to take up. I need say nothing in praise of ordinary parrots, for everyone knows about them, but there are several other birds familiar to aviculturists —as bird-fanciers are fond of calling themselves nowadays—which have not "caught on" as they might have done were their virtues better known to the public at large.

Of these one of the very best is the budgerigar—that pretty little parrakeet, with its emerald breast and zebra-barred black and yellow back, which everybody knows as the "fortune-telling bird." Those who have observed it at its trade in the streets in all weathers will probably have grasped the fact that it is very hardy, and will not be surprised to know that, if given a fair start by being put out in summer, it will bear our climate well in an outdoor aviary, although a native of Australia. But what one could not be expected to know off-hand is that this bird, under suitable conditions, breeds as freely as a canary, and, like that bird, has produced a yellow variety.

Favourable conditions for breeding budgerigars are secured by keeping them in a space large enough to afford room for flight, and, what is curious, by associating several pairs together—a proceeding which, in the case of most birds, would be ruinous, but is quite correct with a naturally gregarious one like this. Kept in single pairs in cages, budgerigars live well, but rarely breed. They are easy to sex, for, though the plumage is exactly alike in the cock and hen, the former has the nostrils surrounded by a bright blue skin, which is very pale blue or brown in the hen.

Given an empty room with a wired window, or a vermin-proof shed, well lighted and wired in front, budgerigars are easier to keep and breed than any other birds; they need no

The Pekin robin comes from China and India. He likes a large cage and lives chiefly on insects. He costs about the same as a canary—seven and sixpence for cock-birds and half-a-crown for hens.

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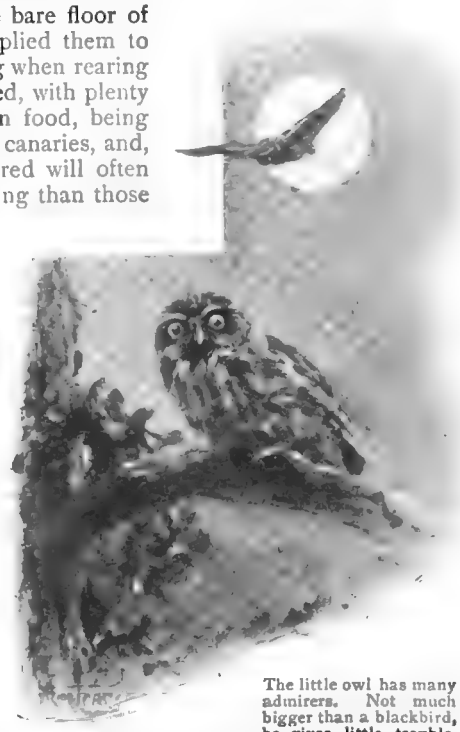
nesting material, but lay their white eggs on the bare floor of the closed boxes or cocoanut husks usually supplied them to breed in; nor do they require any special feeding when rearing young, their ordinary fare of canary and millet seed, with plenty of the common flowering grass and other green food, being sufficient. Thus they give far less trouble than canaries, and, as specimens taken from the nest and hand-reared will often learn to talk, can be made much more interesting than those birds. Ordinary Budgerigars cost about seven and sixpence a pair, but the yellow variety costs about twice as much.

Another very charming foreign cage-bird is the Pekin robin, an inhabitant of the mountains of India and China, and the only insectivorous bird imported here in really large numbers. In general appearance it much recalls our own robin, but has an olive-green back instead of a brown one, and the breast yellow shading into orange, instead of brick-red. Orange edgings to the wings, and a coral-red bill, complete a very charming scheme of coloration.

No absolute rule can be laid down for distinguishing the sexes, but the cock is generally much brighter on the breast than his mate. He is a most affectionate husband, unlike our own robin, who is not on speaking terms with his wife except in the nesting season; indeed, the pair show so much attachment to each other that they are constantly cuddling side by side, and tickling each other's heads, and if one makes its escape, even out of doors, it will not fail, as a rule, to come back to its mate. In fact, one can let them out as a regular thing even in a town garden, and observe their pretty, active ways among the trees, if one has a double cage, in one compartment of which one of the pair is held as hostage for the return of the other bird.

Such a cage as is used for breeding canaries in is very suitable, but it must be a large one, at least two feet long, for Pekin robins are very nervous in a small cage, though confident enough when there is plenty of room. They are, I think, the most intelligent and "knowing" of all the small birds I have met, and when at large know quite well how to keep out of the way of cats; nor are they flustered by the inquisitive attentions of the London sparrow.

The cock bird also has a very pretty song, so that on the whole they are as near perfection as any little bird can be. Being insectivorous, they must, of course, be fed on soft food, but they are not difficult to cater for; hard-boiled egg crumbled up with biscuit or stale breadcrumbs makes a good staple food, with some bread and-milk, not too sloppy, for a change. Any kind of insect available should be supplied as often as possible, and also fruit of all sorts. They will eat a little seed, but should not be encouraged to live on it; ordinary cooking rice, however, given raw, makes a good change.



The little owl has many admirers. Not much bigger than a blackbird, he gives little trouble, being quite content with a diet of mice and sparrows. His price is five or six shillings.

They are passionately fond of bathing, and never fail to have two dips a day, at least; in fact, I do not know any non-aquatic bird so fond of water. Unfortunately they seldom breed in captivity, but when they do, make an open, cup-shaped nest. The price of these charming birds is about the same as that asked for canaries—seven and sixpence for cocks and half-a-crown for hens.

Many people find something very attractive in owls as pets, but those ordinarily seen—the common barn owl and brown owl—are rather inconveniently large for a cage. It is, therefore, worth knowing that there is an owl small enough for most amateur requirements quite common in the bird trade. This is the little owl, a very well-known species on the Continent, and now common also in many parts of England, as numbers have at different times been turned loose by admirers of the quaint little bird.

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It is hardly bigger than a blackbird, and has a variegated plumage of brown and white, with eyes of the palest straw yellow. Its antics and attitudes are extremely quaint, and it is not so sleepy by day as most owls. A cage for such a bird should either be one of the largest-sized wicker ones—square in shape, not round—or a large box, at least a yard long, with a wire front and a couple of perches. The floor should be kept well covered with sawdust, for cleanliness is especially necessary for feathered as well as furred carnivora.

The food to be given is mice and sparrows for preference, but, in default of them, raw meat; heads of poultry with the skull well broken with a hammer are a good food. If flesh alone has to be given for any time it should be rolled in feathers or fur, for it is necessary for the health of birds of prey that they should throw up pellets such as are usually formed in the stomach by the indigestible parts of their food—this action having a mechanically cleansing effect. These owls are not expensive birds, and can be bought, at any rate in the spring, when they are usually to be most readily procured, for five or six shillings each.

The water-tortoise lives in the garden, and does not require much water. He eats worms and cracked snails, and is quite happy to be frozen in his bath all the winter. He is very cheap, costing only ninepence.

The cult of cold-blooded pets — reptiles, amphibians, etc. —has developed very much of late years, and, if less lively than beasts and birds, these creatures have the great advantage that they do not require such constant attention, and may in most cases safely be left to look after themselves if their owner is away for a week-end, as they can do well without food for many days. Tortoises, of course, immediately suggest themselves in this connection, and the ordinary land and water species are very common and cheap. Of these the aquatic kind will be found much the more interesting; it can be distinguished from the land-tortoise by its somewhat flattened shell, speckled with black and yellow, its comparatively long and pointed tail, and its webbed and sharp-clawed feet.

Unlike the land-tortoise, which is a sluggish vegetarian, the water-tortoise is an active carnivorous animal; being a European creature, it will live well out of doors, and can be easily accommodated in any garden. It does not necessarily require much water—a pan a foot or two across and six inches deep is ample bathing accommodation for it. This pan should be sunk in the ground, and emptied and refilled frequently, the more so as it is necessary to feed the creature in the water, as it will not eat when on dry land.

The food is easily arranged for, as the tortoise will eat worms, cracked snails, and raw meat, in addition to its more natural diet of small fish and frogs. It hibernates in the winter, and a pair I once had used to get frozen up regularly in their stone basin, which only held about seven inches' depth of water, and "come up smiling" in the spring.

Water-tortoises cost about ninepence each; it is just as well to have a pair, and the sexes can be distinguished by the form of the under-shell or breast-plate, which is quite flat in the female, and slightly concave in the male, which also has a longer tail.

Chameleons, on account of their very quaint appearance and strange feeding habits, are great favourites with many people, but they require a good deal of care in order to get them to thrive. Most people know the peculiar shape of this creature, with its parrot-like feet, prehensile tail, and strangely squinting swivel eyes; but, to prevent disappointment, it is as well to state here that, in respect of its powers of colour-change, the chameleon is *only* a chameleon — not a kaleidoscope—and its powers of altering its appearance, though sufficiently remarkable, do not extend to taking the hue of anything and everything it happens to be on at the time. The usual hues that it may be expected to display are various tints of drab and brown, light and dark greens, dull yellow, and brick-red; blue seems to be out of its power, but it can turn nearly black.

Being essentially a climbing animal, it

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must have something to perch on, and it may be well kept in a glass case with a twiggy branch or stout growing plant to serve as perches; or it may be kept in a bird-cage, which should be covered with muslin to confine the live insects which must be given as food. These the chameleon will take with great deliberation, but wonderful accuracy, by means of its long extensible clubbed tongue; but care must be taken that it has water as well, which must be administered in the form of drops, as it does not understand drinking out of a vessel.

Spraying the plant on which it perches, or fixing up a little phial from which water is allowed to drip, are means which may be adopted. Not being an active animal, the chameleon may be allowed to climb about on pot-plants in a window or greenhouse, or even on shrubs in the garden outside, without fear of losing it. In winter it must be kept in a warm place, and in default of out-door insects, must be tempted with cockroaches, crickets, or mealworms, proffered on the end of a wire.

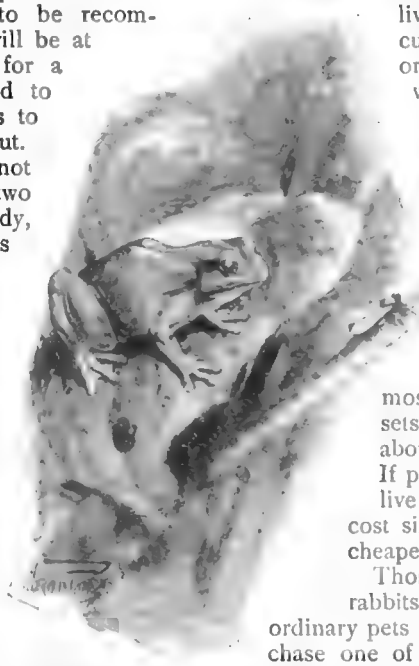
In price chameleons range from about seven and sixpence to half-a-guinea.

The chameleon may be kept in a glass case containing a twiggy branch for him to climb on. He must be fed on live insects and be given drops of water, as drinking from a dish is beyond him. From seven and sixpence to half-a-guinea must be paid for a chameleon.

Of the amphibian tribe, the pretty little green tree-frog so freely imported from the Continent is greatly to be recommended as a pet, and will be at home in a fern-case, for a damp location is suited to it, and it needs plants to perch on and climb about.

It is a tiny thing, not growing to more than two inches in length of body, and its colour varies according to circumstances from a lovely bright emerald green to shades of brown and drab. The male can be distinguished by a brownish tinge on the throat, the female being all white underneath.

Tree-frogs should always have a pan of water to go into if they like, for if they become dry they will soon die. They can be let out in a room, and adhere quite happily to a window pane, but they need looking after, as their jumping powers are remarkable. Moreover, the said jumping may have rather disconcerting effects on others than the admiring owner of the little frogs, as they have small fear of man, and are just as likely to jump on to anyone as away from them.



Tree-frogs are only sixpence each, and may be kept in a fern-case, as they must have a damp situation. They eat live insects and have wonderful jumping powers.

Their food consists solely of living insects, and for the procuring of a supply of flies, the ordinary balloon wire fly-trap will be found very useful; but they will eat much larger insects than these, such as the common white butterfly. Mealworms are rather tough for them, and should be avoided if other insects can be got; but as frogs hibernate in the winter—for which reason they should be allowed a bed of damp moss to retire into when autumn sets in—one has not to bother about feeding them at that time. If properly looked after they will live for years, and as they only cost sixpence each, are among the cheapest of pets.

Those who are tired of keeping rabbits, guinea-pigs, and similar ordinary pets are strongly advised to purchase one of the creatures mentioned in this article. None are much trouble to look after or feed, and they provide endless entertainment. They have also the additional charm of novelty.

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A Desperate Character.

The Story of a Sacrifice That was Not Vain.

By Owen Oliver.

Five years after John Harper was drowned, according to the log of the *Freeman*, I ran against him in a port of Britain Beyond The Seas.

I'd have passed him for John's double, though we were five and twenty years together, boys and men; but I noticed him start at the sight of me. When I took a good look at him, I knew the way that he walked, and the way that he half stopped, and the twist of his mouth that he had when he was taken aback, and the little zig-zag cut on his temple, and I clapped my hand to his.

"John!" I cried. "Old man!" And I laughed with joy like a child.

He shrugged up his shoulders, the right a little more than the left. I knew that trick of his, too.

"You are mistaken in me," he said politely. He had found the manner of a great gentleman, and, judging from his dress, he had become well-to-do; but the voice was John's.

I looked at him very hard.

"Yes," I said, "I'm mistaken in you," and I walked on. He had grown too fine, I thought, for his old friends, and given himself out for drowned to cut off from us.

I had gone on for a matter of fifty yards burning hot with rage, and never looking round, and then I heard his voice in my ear.

"Come with me," he said, and he took me to a grand hotel, where we had a room to ourselves upstairs. He did not speak, even after the waiter had come and gone, only stood and stared.

"Well, Harper?" I asked, and he held up his hand.

"John Harper is dead," he said. "If you give me away I'll do murder, as was in my mind when you recognised me. . . . Well, I couldn't do it, so I have got to trust you."

"Time was," I said bitterly, "when you'd have trusted me more living than dead."

"If it was only myself," he said, "I'd do it now; but—I'll tell you afterwards. Tell me about the old place and the old people first."

I told him what there was to tell. His father and mother were gone. His sister, that he left with her hair down her back, had married my brother, and had a three-months'-old baby, that they'd named after him, John. She was happy enough, I told him, but they

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had a hard struggle, and he arranged that I should take them a hundred pounds, as if it were a present from myself.

"You won't give me away?" he begged.

"I won't give you away," I promised; "but you'd best not tell me what you've done."

"Mate," he answered very solemn, "if I can't trust you when you know the truth, I can't trust you at all. You're all of my old world that's left, and I wouldn't like you to have a wrong idea of me. I'll tell you."

He told me this story.

* * * * *

I was coming home in the *Freeman*, being carpenter, as you know. I mean the voyage when I was drowned or died of fever. I don't know how the captain put it down.

Just before we started for the home trip three passengers came aboard—two men and a woman. She was veiled, and they carried her. I thought then that she was ill. I learnt afterwards that she was drugged. She was an escaped Nihilist, and they couldn't get her under the extradition treaty, so they'd sent the two ruffians to kidnap her. The captain told me about it when he ordered me to make the first officer's cabin on the boat-deck into a sort of prison for her.

"Like enough to throw herself overboard," he said. "Regular desperate character. The Lord knows what she hasn't done."

She wasn't very desperate to look at; a little, pale, pretty girl about twenty; soft black eyes and a lot of black hair; sat with her hands across her knee and stared at nothing while I did my work; left the food that they had brought and didn't touch it, and whatever she'd done I felt sorry for her.

"Best eat something, missie," I suggested after a bit, and then she looked at me.

"Thank you," she said, speaking slowly, as if she weren't sure of her English. "I do not want to eat."

"If you do not eat," I told her, "you will die."

"They are taking me to die," she said, and I felt a shiver down my back. She seemed such a childish little thing.

"What have you done?" I asked, but she did not answer. "Something wrong, eh?"

"You might call it wrong," she replied, "but I call it right. No, not right. Only—only what had to be done. I call it that. You live in England, and you would not understand. I do not mind to die, only prison, and—" She shuddered violently. "Leave it that I can get out and die of the sea," she begged.

"I can't do that," I answered; "but I'm sorry for you, little missie."

"Missie?" she asked. "What is that?"

"It is what we call young ladies in my country," I explained. "What do they call you in yours?"

"Princess," she said.

"What!" I cried; "you a princess! Then they won't dare to kill you."

She laughed queerly.

"I shall just be ill and die in prison," she said, "if you will not let me drown in the sea. Will you not?"

I turned away from the look of her big eyes.

"I can't, missie," I said. "I can't."

I went on with my work for a bit, and she sat watching me with those great eyes of hers. They seemed to ask help more than if she spoke.

"I can't, missie," I said again, answering them—"I mean Your Highness."

"Call me missie," she asked. "It's no use being polite when—but you mean to be kind." She sighed.

"I'll speak to the captain," I offered. "He's a good sort; best I ever had. Perhaps he'll let you go. I'd rather see you live whatever you'd done. . . . Did you throw bombs? Or kill anyone?"

"No," she said; "but I was—what do you call it?—belonging to the society who did. Suppose you saw your friends die, one by each? Suppose you knew that someone was making a list of more to die? What would *you* do?"

"It was men's work," I told her, "and they oughtn't to have let you meddle with it. You're nothing but a child. Well, I'll speak to the captain. But not unless you eat and drink. Come now!"

I coaxed her into eating and drinking. She was ravenous enough once she began, poor little girl.

I spoke to the captain at dinner time, and told him about her, and he listened patiently enough, as he always did, tramping about and muttering to himself.

"It's a beastly business," he owned, "but it isn't *our* business, John. They've squared the Consul, and there's authority for it, though he didn't want a fuss; and the owners are squared by the agents. She's simply freight, as far as we are concerned. We've got to land them at Valeton, and the rest we don't know anything about."

"She's just a child," I declared, "a soft little thing, about the age of that eldest girl of yours."

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He muttered some strong words under his breath.

"Can't you run past Valeton?"

"We call at two more ports in their confounded country," he reminded me. "They'd board us then. If I were a single man, dashed if I wouldn't miss them all; but it's the sack, imprisonment perhaps, and the wife and kids to starve. Look here! You don't understand. You're a single man. Those kids of mine *count* to me, and nothing else counts beside them. Now you understand, I—I can't do it, John."

He mopped his forehead.

"Put her in a boat off this coast," I suggested, "before we come to Valeton."

"Don't be a fool! Boats have to be accounted for; and one short would give the whole show away. And what would she do in a boat? Starve or drown."

"I'll go with her," I proposed.

He shook his head at me.

"Don't make an ass of yourself over a girl," he advised. "You couldn't get off without others seeing; and, besides, what would happen when you came home—if you ever did? The sack for you and me, and a knife in our backs some time. It *must* leak out when you come home."

"Well," I offered, "I won't come home. I'll give up the old place and everybody, rather than have her done to death—that little girl."

"Don't make an ass of yourself," he repeated. "Not over her. She's a desperate character, mind. The Lord knows what she hasn't done."

A desperate character! Why, she was nothing but a child. She smiled like one because I took her a box of chocolates that I'd bought when I was ashore; and she talked like a child while I worked, and played like a baby with a puzzle that I found to amuse her.

The men who had charge of her were seasick, and the captain said she might walk on the boat deck in the evening for exercise if I walked with her. She was quite bright and cheerful then, and he came and talked to her himself for a time, but didn't stop long. It was more than he could stand, he told me afterwards, to hear her talk just like his eldest girl; and he made me take some of his furniture and put in her cabin.

"In England," she remarked then, "you are kind to the prisoner who is to die, but she dies all the same."

"Oh, missie!" I begged. "Don't! I'd die instead right enough, if it was any use."

And then she gave me her little hand, and called me her friend.

The next day there was a fearful storm, and half our men were down with fever, and her two countrymen with sea-sickness. The waves smashed a boat and carried it away, and two men who were trying to secure it. The captain sent all hands who weren't down with fever to the engine-room, to try to keep us going. I was on the bridge alone with him.

"I'll manage the helm," he offered, "and call if I want you. Go and talk to the little girl. She'll be frightened."

She was too sick to think much about fright; only once she asked me to let her jump overboard. It was so much better than what was before her, she declared. At last she fell asleep, and I went and talked to the captain.

"When we give her up," I shouted through the storm, "I drop overboard, mind you. It isn't men's work we're doing;" and he nodded and groaned.

"What's to be done?" he asked. "If we took her to England, she's in custody of those two men, and——"

"Kill them!" I roared, and I'd have done it!

"And then," he answered back, "in the end we'd hang, and no good done. My wife and children disgraced and to starve, and your old mother's heart broken, and her given up after all."

Now I know more of the world, I believe if we'd taken her to England and made a fuss in the press, we'd have saved her and been heroes. Still there'd have been a knife into her, and perhaps us in the end. They've a long arm in that country of hers, but I didn't think of all that then.

"Captain," I said, "look here. There's one boat gone, and two men. Who's to say anything if another boat goes and another man? Or if she got out and jumped over, we'll say? Give me a boat and I'll take her, and never come back. You can swear me on the book. I'll be a dead man."

"And that you would be," he declared, "in this sea."

"It's going down," I told him, "and it will have gone down more before we get a boat off; anyhow I don't care. I'll whittle the name off the boat, and they shan't bring it home to you ever."

"It's a dog's chance," he protested, "if we can get a boat off; and if we do it'll swamp almost for certain. If she wasn't such a child. . . . You're a good chap, John."

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I put up a scrap of sail to steady us . . . and away we splashed.

"The sail's in her," I said. "I'll go and get blankets, and coats, and rations."

I got everything ready, and he gave me a compass and explained the bearings, and how it was two hundred miles to land, unless I had the luck to fetch an island half way. He gave me a few pounds, and I took seven that I had saved, being a sparing man. (As luck would have it, she turned out to have a good bit more in her pocket.) Then I went and woke her.

"Missie," I said, "the gale's going down, and the deck's empty, except two chaps that I've squared. The captain's letting us off in a boat, you and me. There's just a chance that we'll make land; and if we don't you're no worse off, do you see."

She pulled me under the light of the swinging lamp to look at my face.

"You'd give your life for me?" she asked.

"Any day," I told her.

"And no day," she said in her funny English, "would I take your life for me. Ah, no! . . . But my dear friend!" She put her hand on my arm.

"Missie," I said very solemnly, "you're not taking my life. You're giving me a chance as well as yourself. For the day we give you up I drop overboard. If my word isn't enough——" She put her hand in mine and looked at me and smiled. "Well, you've my word. It's both of us or neither. Now, come."

She bent and kissed my rough fingers, and then she came.

The sea had got calmer, but it was black, and fierce, and swollen. You know what it's like at the tail of a storm, and you'll know that the chance of launching a boat was about one in ten. Well, we had the luck. I slid down the rope with her in one arm, and holding me round the neck, and near mad at the feel of her little arms. The captain let go, and we plunged into the black sea. We nearly overturned when we came out of the lee of the ship, but righted, and I baled out with her trying to help me. I put up a scrap of sail to steady us, and the boat stood it, being a big, stout cutter, and away we splashed. After a bit it calmed a trifle more, and we hadn't to bale out. Then I sat at the rudder, and she sat beside me, both of us in oilskins and sou'westers. She leant against me, and when she fell asleep her head dropped on my shoulder, she a princess and I a common seafaring man. Well, I never treated her different from a princess, except that I called her "missie," and was kind to her.

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He showed me a little revolver very quietly, and we sat and stared at him, and he stared at us.

We squashed away in the heavy water all that night. Near the morning the sea smoothed into a millpond, and then I dozed a bit; and when I woke it was broad daylight. She was still sleeping, lying against me with her head on my shoulder. Her little face was framed in the sou'wester, with her black hair straying out a bit. I snipped a lock off with my scissors to keep, and I've kept it.

We had wandered off our course a bit while I slept, and I couldn't steer because there was no wind. So I just sat still, not to wake missie. When she opened her eyes she looked dazed, and then she looked all round, and then she looked at me, and then she smiled and clapped her hands. It was "like a pic-nic," she said. She called it nic-pic! She got out our breakfast, insisting that she was to be "stewardess," and I must only sail the boat, and not interfere in her department. It was just tinned meat and biscuit and water. She said grace over it, folding her hands and shutting her eyes, and looking like an angel in a picture. And they called her a desperate character!

We sailed all that day in a light wind, seeing nothing but the round of the sea and the round of the sky. It was blazing hot, and I could get no shade at the helm, but I made her take shelter under the sail. I can see her now, with her laughing dark eyes, sitting there and talking in her queer English. I smoked my pipe and listened, and wondered what I'd do with her. For she would never dare to go back to her people, she said, or even let them know that she lived. It would mean death to them as well as to her.

"And now," she told me, "I do not like to die. I like to be in a boat with you better." She lay back with her dark head framed in the white sail and smiled happily.

Two days and two nights we went on, and on the morning after we saw an island like a black rock in a mist, and in the afternoon we sailed in. I wrenched off the plank that bore the name of our ship, and I said that we had escaped from the *Mary Hope* that had gone down, and the crew were mad with rum, so I had taken a boat alone with her. I was John Smith, ship's carpenter, I gave out, and she was a passenger, Miss Seymour. They did not speak English well enough to know from her speech that she was not an Englishwoman.

The island belonged to her country, and there was no communication except with Valeton. We thought it best to go there and try to get passage at once to England or to a British colony. We went in a little trading schooner, that took five days, and tried to find a vessel to take us away, but without success.

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In the afternoon a very tall man came into the room where we sat in a little inn.

"Well, princess?" he said, and she clung to me with a cry. He was the Chief of Police from the capital, she whispered, and the cruellest man in the country. I got my hand to my knife; but he showed me a little revolver very quietly, and we sat and stared at him, and he stared at us, half smiling and twirling his moustache.

"Come," he said in good English, "that is useless. It can do you no harm to tell me how you escaped, and I may be able to make things easier for *you*." He nodded to me.

"It doesn't matter about me," I said. "If you're a man make them easier for *her*."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The princess will tell you that I am not a man," he said, "but a fiend. But she will tell you, perhaps, that I am a fiend who keeps his word."

"You keep your word," she said—and she seemed to have grown from a child to a woman suddenly. "Give me your word to save him and I will tell you."

"I will save him," he promised, "if I can."

I protested that I did not want to be saved without her; but she pleaded with me that she would die happier if I did not suffer for her. So I pretended to agree to satisfy her, and then she told him our story, making much of what I had done.

"You will save him," she concluded—they spoke in English so that I should hear. "You have promised."

"If I can," he qualified.

"You can," she declared. "You know you can."

He smiled slowly.

"How can I save him from himself?" he asked. "If you die, he will put himself in the way of death, I think. *I* should. I, too, love you, princess.

There was a dead silence. At last I broke it.

"If you loved her as I do," I said, "you would send her with me."

"Don't plead with him," cried missie. "You don't know him!"

He looked at her and then at me.

"*She* doesn't," he said. "Yes. I must send her with you. There is, of course, nothing else to do. You will be safe here to-night. To-morrow I shall find a ship for you."

He bowed and went out, and missie flung herself in my arms.

"He is playing mouse-cat with us, my dear," she declared. Her English was always funny when she was excited. "In a few minutes I shall be taken from you. Love me till then."

I held her in my arms for hours, expecting the police every minute, but they did not come. I walked my room all the night, except when I listened outside her door to hear her breathe, and be sure that they had not taken her away. They never came. He came in the morning with disguises and took us to a ship. It was an English vessel, and when we were aboard missie believed him.

"Now, my friend," he said, taking me aside—I am always proud to remember that he called me that—"we will have some man's talk. You under stand that you and she must be dead to the world?"

"Yes," I said. "I understand."

"But it does not follow that you will be dead to me. I find out many secrets, and I am a desperate man. Let me tell you why I came to Valeton. It was to meet the princess—to escape with her, or if she would not escape with me to let her escape, and then to die. My life is nothing—or yours—if she is concerned. You understand?"

"I understand," I agreed. How I liked that man!

"I watched you for half a day. You loved each other. That is plain. If I killed you the princess would not love me. You understand?"

"I understand," I agreed.

"What is more important, she would not be happy. If you cease to love her she will not be. Some women are like that. She is. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. "You will keep track of us; and if I am not good to her you will kill me."

"Exactly," he said. "It will be difficult to trace you, but——"

"No difficulty at all," I said. "I'll send you a line once a year, if you'll tell me how to do it safely."

He held out his hand and I gave it the best grip that I ever gave a hand.

"Mind," he said, "I'm a desperate character."

"So am I!" I told him. "So am I!"

And that's what they called *her!* Why, she's not much more than a child now. You should see her play with the baby!

* * * * *

I went and saw her. She reminded me more of a kitten than anything, *but*—well, if anyone tried to hurt her John or her baby I think he'd find her a real desperate character! Women are like that—good women!

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" wishes to say that he has returned—for a period at least. But he feels his advancing years, and the rest he took was absolutely necessary to restore his worn out system. He stayed with the Man of Figures and the Man of Letters, whose portraits appear on the opposite page, on their little island, which is surrounded on all sides by water and that is why no one could find him. "Mr. X" would like to urge all his readers to send him catches and puzzles; they should remember that it is a good deed to help an old man, particularly when he offers cards and knives in return. And now to the banquet which "Mr. X" has spread.

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BLACK AND WHITE.

Lunching the other day with a friend named Black, "Mr. X" in his jovial way commented on the inappropriateness of his friend's cognomen, the man being notable for his blameless life.

"Aha!" quoth Mr. Black, "that reminds me." And he told this story, speaking rapidly:

Once upon a time there was in New York City a white bootblack and a black bootblack, and the white bootblack asked the black bootblack to clean his (the white bootblack's) black boots. So the black bootblack cleaned the white bootblack's black boots with blacking, and then the black bootblack asked the white bootblack to clean his (the black bootblack's) black boots with blacking.

But the white bootblack would not clean the black bootblack's black boots with blacking, so the black bootblack gave the white bootblack a black eye.

When the case came before the Association of Bootblacks, they said that the black bootblack should not have blacked the white bootblack's eye, and that the white bootblack must pay the black bootblack one penny, because the black bootblack had blacked the white bootblack's boots.

At this point "Mr. X" left without paying his bill, which Mr. Black was obliged to liquidate.

SUBTLE.

PINK: "What is the difference between a ladybird and a duck, Gray?"

GRAY: "Oh, a ladybird is one of those little red wuzzy things, and a duck says 'Quack, quack!' You can't catch me, my friend."

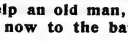
PINK: "Not at all, Gray, not at all. There is no difference. Both are lady birds."

ABOUT AGES.

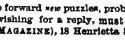
Bill was twice as old as Bella was when Bill was as old as Bella is now.

When Bella is as old as Bill is now their united ages will be sixty-three.

How old are Bill and Bella now?



***Q.* Why do carpenters deny the existence of iron?**
***A.* Because they never "saw" it.**



ALL THERE.

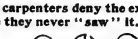
AMY: "Have you seen the list of names in this morning's paper of people who have given up drinking tea for breakfast?"

WILHELMINA: "How simple you must think me, my Amy."

AMY (solemnly): "I am asking you a serious question. There *is* such a list."

WILHELMINA (searching the paper in vain): "Amy!"

(Amy carefully directs Wilhelmina's attention to the obituary notices.)



A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

ARTHUR: "Walking in the woods to-day, Wilfred, I came across a very rare find."

WILFRED: "Yes? And what was that?"

ARTHUR: "Nothing more nor less than a tit's nest with a hen's egg in it."

WILFRED: "Astonishing! My word! I wonder how it got there."

ARTHUR: "Possibly the hen tit put it there, Wilfred."

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Editorial Repartee.

"Mr. X" (to Editor of Royal): "Do you know, my pages are uncommonly like sheets of blotting-paper?"

Ed. "Royal": "Indeed?"

"Mr. X": "Yes, you see they're so *absorbing!*"

Ed. "Royal": "Well, don't let them get *too* much like sheets of blotting-paper."

"Mr. X": "Why not?"

Ed. "Royal": "Because it won't do for them to be *too dry*."

Q. Why is scooping out a turnip a noisy process?
A. Because it makes the vegetable "hollow."

A CORRECTION.

While it is generally believed
That Franklin first found out
The electricity o'erhead,
'Tis false beyond a doubt.

For any Christian man cannot
But truthfully declare,
When Noah sailed his spacious boat,
He had some ark-lights there.

The Bright Baby.

Brown: "There was once a mother who had a baby a week old, and it was ill, oh, dreadfully ill!"

Robinson (weeping bitterly): "Oh, B-B-Brown!"

Brown (shaking his head): "The doctor said that nothing could be done for it."

Robinson (shaken with sobs): "Oh, *Brown!*"

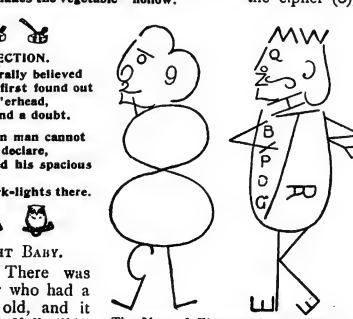
Brown: "The poor mother, distracted with grief, inquired: 'Absolutely nothing?' And the nurse said: 'Absolutely nothing.' And the poor little baby lying there so ill said absolutely nothing, too."

Robinson: "Oh, rubbish! It was only a week old."

Brown: "And a very good reason why it should say absolutely nothing."

Q. Why is a wedding ring like eternity?
A. Because it is endless.

[Ed. Royal (*a married man*): "*Too true, ah! too true!*"
Mrs. X (*with respectful sympathy*): "*Alas, my poor master!*"]



The Man of Figures and the Man of Letters. The Man of Figures has no arms, so the Man of Letters has to pick things up for him.

Two Literary Men.

In the centre of this page appear pictures of "Mr. X's" old and trusty friends, the Man of Figures and the Man of Letters. Whenever he is in difficulties or in trouble, "Mr. X" flies to these gentlemen and they help him. The portrait of the Man of Figures is composed of all the figures (1 to 9), and the cipher (0) each used but once. The Man of Letters' picture is made up of all the letters of the alphabet, each used once only.

"Mr. X" offers a prize of Five Shillings for the best portrait or picture made *on a postcard* either from all the letters of the alphabet (each letter to be used only once), or composed of all the figures (1 to 9) and the cipher (0), each figure used once only.

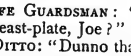
"Mr. X" leaves the subject of the portrait or picture entirely to his readers' individual choice, and they may execute it in figures or letters, as they please. Six packs of cards will be given as consolation prizes. All postcards to be marked "Picture" *on the address side*, and to reach "Mr. X," care of the Editor of The Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., by April 20th.

Very Fine and Large.

James: "What is the difference, Herbert, between a lump of coal, a telegraph pole, and a motor-car?"

Herbert: "I don't know. One of those silly catches, I suppose."

James: "*You don't know*, Herbert? Then that vehicle speeding towards us may be a lump of coal or a telegraph pole for all you can tell! Shocking, Herbert, absolutely shocking."



Military Wit.

First Life Guardsman: "Why are you like your breast-plate, Joe?"

Second Ditto: "Dunno that I am; why?"

First Ditto: "Because you're a queer ass (cuirass)."

ANSWER.

About Ages.—Bill 27, Bella 18.

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THE MATCH-BREAKER

How She Mended Her Ways.

By E. M. Jameson.

'You *promised*," there was a suspicious tremble in Pamela's voice, "you promised, you know you did. We wrote it in the Solemn Bond."

"So we did," said Betty airily and unashamed, "but you know, Pam, dear, one does such *foolish* things at fourteen. How in the world I came to sign it passes my comprehension."

Pamela looked gloomily from the window, her chin on her palm. Then she flung her long brown, pigtail over her shoulder.

"You were in earnest then," she remarked in scathing accents, "you're breaking a promise now, and you don't seem to care."

"*That* for the Solemn Bond!" Betty snapped her fingers recklessly, "wait till you come to the mature age of seventeen. You'll agree with me that the solemnest bonds are only made to be broken; so much waste paper, in fact. Let's have a look at the dear old thing."

She swept her fluffy skirts across the floor, and drew the document in question from under her sister's arm. The hand with which she did it bore the badge of servitude in the shape of a very beautiful diamond ring. Pamela turned her eyes away to avoid its odious sparkle. She submitted to the withdrawal of the somewhat dingy envelope, and waited breathlessly. Betty, the recently-engaged, bent over the document, knitting her brows, and trying with all her might not to laugh.

"Perhaps she'll be sorry when she reads it again," thought Pamela to herself. "I expect she has forgotten what we said."

The long-folded paper inside was written in red ink, as more befitting the occasion.

"We do here testify and promise in the Solemn Bond that we will never marry. We don't like men, and mean never to have anything to do with them.

"Signed

"Elizabeth Richardson.

"Pamela Richardson.

"This seventh day of April, 19—."

Pamela waited, her eyes fixed on the russet splendour of the woods beyond the garden. Betty must be reconsidering her affairs. Perhaps she would send the donor of the diamond ring about his business, and so remove from Pamela's heart that aching sense of desolation. She could go to sleep now, instead of

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lying awake to picture the loneliness of a life spent without Betty. But the latter broke in upon her musings.

"What geese we were, and what a difference three years make! If I was such a man-hater at fourteen, I suppose it's not to be wondered at that you are still, having reached the same venerable age. Cheer up, Pam, you'll alter, too, in three years."

Pamela rose to her feet, and gathered together the Bond and its envelope.

"I never, *never* shall," she exclaimed passionately. "Did you *read* it, Betty?"

"Every stupid word," said Betty, little dreaming how sharply her words went home in Pamela's heart. "I think I must show it to Raggles. How he'd laugh."

But Pamela gathered it slowly to her with an expression that showed the speaker at last that the broken bond meant more to Pamela than she had imagined.

She put her arms round Pamela's neck as the latter bent over the table.

"You see, Pam, it couldn't have lasted, it simply couldn't. One's bound to get married. Putting one's hair up, and coming out make such an enormous difference."

Pamela was busy polishing the inkstand with the old flannel penwiper. She desisted for a moment.

"You know you *did* hold out when George proposed to you. And when Jim Secretan said he'd blow his brains out if you refused to marry him, you were quite decided, Betty; you laughed. I was certain you remembered the Bond."

"It wasn't the Bond." Betty felt that it would be kinder to conclude the matter at once. "It was simply and solely that I couldn't have married either of them to save my life. But when Raggles came it—it was different."

A lovely colour swept across her face, she went over to the window and drummed on the pane. Pamela would not understand, she thought impatiently. Pamela's jealous eyes were always scornfully watching their happiness. A rift had widened between the sisters ever since a week ago, when Pamela had heard the news. She had not looked pleased in the least when Raggles, otherwise Reginald, said the nicest things imaginable. Then suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, Betty saw matters from Pamela's point of view. Her eyes softened. She went quietly back to the table and slipped her arm round the downbent figure.

"Let's have it out now, Pam dear. Raggles isn't going to make *any* difference. You're to spend your holidays with us, and he promised, if you remember, to take you to heaps of places. You're going to be first bridesmaid, of course—in pink, because it's your favourite colour, though it makes a fright of Madeleine—and he's not only giving you the usual bridesmaid's present—the most beautiful pendant—but he says he's got his eye on the duckiest bicycle, just the very thing for you. So, you see, Pam, it will be nicer for you when I marry Raggles."

Pamela shook off the caressing hand, and walked away to the window.

"I don't want to be bribed," she said with great distinctness, "I simply *hate* Raggles, and each time I see him I hate him a little more. He may keep his bicycle and his pendant. I won't be bridesmaid and wear p—pink."

The breaking-point had arrived; she rushed from the room just as her future brother-in-law came in. They cannoned violently, but no word of apology issued from Pamela's lips.

"Hullo, what's the row?" asked Raggles genially, but with a certain want of tact.

Pamela, a tempest of wrath, locked herself into her room, breathing hard as she hurled herself upon the bed.

"She shan't marry him, she shan't; I'll put a stop to it, see if I don't. I'm not going to be bridesmaid, I'll run away first. *Pink* is it? A *pendant* for all of us, and a bicycle as well for me? He may keep them all. He doesn't understand, men never do. But Betty ought to have remembered the Solemn Bond. She used to hate men before she got grown-up. I wish she hadn't been so pretty, they wouldn't have taken much notice of her then. And she's so *nice* to them all, she often and often says things she doesn't in the least mean. It's only just lately that they've taken to opening doors for her, bringing her flowers, and chocolates, and songs, and squabbling over her at dances. She doesn't really care for any of them, not even Raggles, she only thinks she does. Some day, when she grows tired, she'll remember the Solemn B——"

She sprang from the bed and made urgent search without avail. She must have dropped the document within the reach of Raggles, who possessed an uproarious sense of humour. There was just the hope that it might have escaped his notice, for he saw little beyond Betty when she was in the vicinity. Perhaps they had gone into the garden. Their faculty for vanishing was one of the things which annoyed Pamela.

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She went downstairs and along the hall towards the room she had recently vacated. No, they were still there. She could hear Raggles enjoying a joke. Her heart sank. Could it be connected with the precious document? For him the Bond would have no solemnity. Even Betty, knowing this, had wanted to show it in order that he might laugh it to scorn. She hesitated, not meaning to act as eavesdropper, but unless she had stopped her ears it would have been difficult not to hear Raggles' strident voice and laughter.

"I'm hanged if it isn't worth publishing," he exclaimed, with true journalistic spirit; "what a funny pair you must have been; I'd really like to show it to old Ledgerer. The Solemn Bond! By Jove! red ink and all. Your handwriting hasn't altered much, Bettina, but luckily for me your sentiments have."

Betty's clear laugh tinkled an accompaniment. Pamela clenched her hand. There was an expostulation, a crackling of paper—the Solemn Bond hovered in imminent danger. Then came more laughter, and Pamela fled, leaving the treasured document to its fate.

From that day onward she avoided her future brother-in-law. They knew when he was coming by the celerity with which she would vanish from the vicinity. She seemed to possess a sixth sense which told her when he was in the neighbourhood, a sense not possessed even by the happy little *fiancée*.

Pamela had always been a strange child, with a strain of eccentricity. Now at fourteen she courted solitude, and all the more since Betty, her only sister and, indeed, only near relative, had been drawn away from her. It is no exaggeration to say that the announcement of Betty's engagement had taken all the spring from existence for Pamela. She brooded over the approaching separation, sitting up in bed at night and looking wide-eyed into the darkness, eating her heart out. She saw everything from a distorted standpoint, and her customary sense of right and wrong took flight.

Betty was too preoccupied in those days to notice the change. Pamela was to a degree unapproachable, she thought; confidences were over between them, but then, with a new and delightful confidant at her elbow, the loss was not apparent. Betty, selfish in the midst of her happiness, added fuel day by day to the jealousy raging in Pamela's breast.

Perhaps Raggles, for all his hilarity, comprehended better the state of affairs. He it was who noticed that Pamela ate less—they were bound to meet on occasions—and that she had lost the healthy colour of a week or two before. Her eyes were always questioning dumbly it seemed to him. Raggles had an extraordinarily kind heart, and wanted to be friends.

He had no sisters of his own, so perhaps girls were more an unsolved problem to him than to most men. He tried to gain Pamela's affections by gifts of various kinds, but she would have none of his baits, however cunningly devised. Then one day when he had gone through the first tiff with his little sweetheart, and had made up the quarrel, he met Pamela going through the wood. He felt happy and at peace with all men. Pamela at the sight of him darted like a squirrel through the undergrowth, but Raggles was too quick for her. He neatly cornered her, and, folding his arms, compelled her to hear him.

"I don't know why I should value the opinion of an impertinent chit of fourteen," he said candidly, "but I do want to be friends, Pamela. I suppose it's because you're Betty's sister, for you've been nasty enough in all conscience. Let's be friends."

But Pamela with equal candour ignored the outstretched hand.

"I'm not going to be friends *ever!* I don't like men, and Betty doesn't really, though she's nice to so many."

The shaft rankled in the listener's heart. The green-eyed monster, so recently allayed by Betty's protestations, raised its hydra head again.

"Nice to so many, is she?" The query slipped from him before he could check it. "Oh, well, you see, she's going to marry *me*. I'm sorry you won't be friends, Pamela. You might make an exception in my case. You see, even Betty has broken the Solemn Bond."

The name of that revered document on alien lips was too much for Pamela preparing for flight. She turned like a stag at bay.

"Betty changes her mind over *everything*," she called back, "and she will about getting married. She doesn't really like you more than the others. She'll change her mind before long, I know her a great deal better than you do."

Then Pamela, released at last, fled through the trees, little dreaming of the darts she had implanted in the young man's jealous mind. Betty was a coquette; she could not help it, it was ingrained in her, and only that morning he had spoken seriously on the subject If Pamela suffered, so did Raggles, and as

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There was a heap of pink chiffon on the ground near the big arm-chair, and from it came subdued but heart-broken sobbing.

time went by there seemed many little differences between the lovers.

Betty was very young; she had only just felt her wings, and any attempt at authority was hotly resented by her. Raggles, the owner of a fiery temper, and utterly devoid of tact, thought that being engaged gave him the right to expostulate when Betty granted more than two dances to an old friend, or bestowed her alluring smiles and dimples on other men.

As Pamela said, she could not help being nice to everybody. She was like a bit of thistledown, blown hither and thither by the impulse of the moment, a lovely, laughing, daring thing, eager to try her powers, yet half afraid of him when she exercised them. And Raggles, knowing little of women, ate his heart out and sometimes stayed away, longing for the time when he could gather up his treasure and carry her away to his own fastnesses.

Then one dreadful night the climax came.

Betty had gone to a ball, a radiant vision in clouds of fluffy chiffon. Pamela was glad afterwards to remember that she had helped her to dress, kneeling to put the dainty satin slippers on the little feet, and pinching the arched instep in the old way. They had both laughed, Pamela recollected, and in spite of her fine feathers Betty had insisted on being hugged before she donned her cloak.

When the dark night had swallowed her up, Pamela turned slowly and went to bed. It was no wonder that Raggles and half a hundred others adored Betty as they did. The laughing face smiled back at Pamela from the darkness as she fell asleep. She awoke suddenly in an agony of fear. How long she had slept she did not know, but some dreadful apprehension seemed to clutch at her in the gloom. A band of light from the adjoining room wavered on the wall. Betty must be back from the ball. Pamela stirred lazily in the warmth. For a long time now she had pretended to be asleep when Betty returned, not as in the old days when she had crept into Betty's bed to examine her programme and to listen to her triumphs. Yet to-night was different.

She leant upon her elbow, hesitating.

Then a sound came that made her spring from her bed and run swiftly into the adjoining room. There was a heap of pink chiffon on the ground near the big arm-chair, and from it came subdued but heartbroken sobbing. Betty had never come back from a ball like this before. All the pain and the jealousy and the ache fell away from Pamela as she knelt beside the trembling little figure.

"What is it?" she asked, putting her arms tightly round Betty, "what is it? Tell me, Betty, dear, darling Betty, tell me."

It was a long time before she drew all the facts from Betty. There had been a quarrel. Raggles had *ordered* her about, she had resented it and had danced at least five times with a hated rival; not because she wanted

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He smoked sullenly till bed-time, trying meanwhile to oust a lovely, provoking little face from the clouds of tobacco smoke.

to, but just because she was told not to. And Raggles had held aloof, going off finally without a word of love or farewell. Betty crouched there in all her finery, a heap of desolation, while Pamela watched her, powerless to offer comfort.

"If the Solemn Bond had been held to what a lot of wretchedness might have been saved," she said to herself. But there was no word of this to Betty.

"He said I was changeable, far too nice to everybody, that I didn't care for him a bit more than I did for all the others. Oh, Pamela, you know I do, don't you?"

And Pamela, whose words had thus come back to her, felt stricken to the heart. Perhaps if she had not said these things of Betty to Raggles he would not have thought of them himself.

She helped Betty to bed, taking off the tumbled fine feathers in which Betty had started so radiantly a few hours before. But Betty could not sleep, though Pamela, creeping in beside her, held her hot hand all the time.

"Men are horrid, cruel wretches," said Pamela during the night watches, when Betty's misery seemed greater than she could bear.

"But not Raggles," moaned Betty, "all but Raggles; he's the dearest and best that ever was born. You don't know how desperately I love him."

"Well, why not make it up?" asked Pamela, quite bewildered. "He seems to love you just as badly."

"He doesn't love me now." Betty rocked herself to and fro. "He hasn't been the same lately; I don't know why, at least, perhaps I do. It was partly my fault. I'll honestly take half the blame. Anyhow, it's all over, Pamela, and I must send him back my dear, precious ring to-morrow."

Presently she sobbed herself to sleep, but Pamela lay open-eyed until morning, planning plans that might never come to anything.

The ring in its little satin-lined case was made up next day, registered, and posted. Accompanying it was a cold, disdainful, proud little letter of severance which Pamela felt that Raggles, for all his kind heart, would never forgive. She had Betty to herself at last the livelong day and for many days to follow, for beyond acknowledging the safe arrival of the ring and agreeing to the broken betrothal Raggles made no sign. He, too, Pamela felt, was desperately proud. She caught sight of him one day in the distance talking to a sporting friend. He was smiling, positively smiling. Pamela turned her eyes away.

"What cruel, cruel wretches men are," she said to herself. "He doesn't care."

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But the next moment when the friend had gone and Raggles went past not seeing her, his face looked much older and very haggard and lined.

"He does care," said Pamela to herself. "I wonder——"

Betty never talked of Raggles now. She went out a good deal, and laughed and made herself nicer than ever, and allowed herself no time for rest. It was only Pamela who noticed how bright and large her eyes were getting, and how feverish her hand. She slept very badly, Pamela knew, and cried often in the night watches. At last the doctor was sent for and talked of neglected colds, overstrain, general delicacy, need for care, a milder climate, until Pamela grew half mad with fear. But Betty only laughed, and ordered some new frocks, and cried more than ever at night.

"She'll die if she doesn't make it up with Raggles," said Pamela to herself, "and it will be my fault, every bit of it."

Raggles only lived five miles away, but he might have been in the desert of Sahara for all they saw of him now. Manlike he bore his troubles with a difference, going out for long solitary shoots and returning in the evening mud-stained and weary to eat a good dinner. Afterwards he smoked sullenly until bed-time, trying meanwhile to oust a lovely, provoking little face from the clouds of tobacco smoke.

One day a letter reached him.

"I am coming to see you. *Please* don't be out.

"PAMELA."

The hours seemed interminable, but it was still early in the afternoon when the little pony carriage containing his adversary drove up to the door. Raggles, for all his pride, was on the shallow steps before she pulled up, and he drew her silently into the library. He had heard rumours of Betty's ill-health only the day before.

Pamela seldom cried. But she cried now, her face against the sleeve of Raggles' rough old shooting jacket. Then she raised her head and went straight to the point.

"You don't want her to die, do you, Raggles? She will if you refuse to come back with me."

"*Refuse?* Good Heavens! *Refuse!*" Raggles' face was one white agony.

"She didn't send me," continued Pamela, "she never says a word about you now, but oh, Raggles, dear, dear, Raggles, help me to make it up. She isn't changeable about *you* and never will be; she loves you desperately, just as you love her."

Raggles' face worked; he strode away to the hearth and violently poked the fire. Pamela never glanced at him as they tore back over the miles that lay between, but when they pulled up at the house door he tried to say something of what was in his mind.

She nodded comprehendingly, and then with her finger on her lip vanished into the fire-lit room, coming out a moment later to beckon him in.

* * * * *

Joy, as we all know, does not kill.

Not even Raggles himself hurried on the wedding so recklessly as Pamela. She it was who arrayed the bride in all the glory of satin and orange blossom, and afterwards helped her to get ready for her journey to the Elysian Fields with Raggles. What, after all, were a hundred Solemn Bonds compared with the happiness of Betty?

There was not a tear in Pamela's eyes that night as she took off the pink bridesmaid's frock and laid the pearl pendant in its satin-lined case. Not a tear, though the door between stood ajar, and Betty's room was empty.

A VAIN APPEAL.

Before a lady fair he stood,
Bathed in the sun's last ray;
His tattered dress betrayed that he
Had come a weary way.
In soft and gentle tones he told
A tale of pain and care;
And now his weary feet had turned
To find a refuge there.

His tale was told; with downcast eyes
He stood to hear his fate;
Without a tear she bade him go,
And shut the garden gate.
He looked to find some sympathy;
Alas! he looked in vain;
So with a sigh, the weary tramp
Went on his way again.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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Photo *Inglis, Chelsea.*

Mr. D. J. Dunning.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. LI.—SOUTH AFRICA: CHASING A PHANTOM ARMY.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF DAVID JAMES DUNNING, LATE 5TH FUSILIERS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

Commandant Delarey was one of the three famous chiefs who gave such excessive trouble to the British in South Africa when the heaviest part of the war was over. The other two were Cronje and De Wet. Delarey, a chivalrous and powerful opponent, eluded his pursuers for a long time, and so swift and skilful were his movements that his force became almost a phantom army. He operated in an enormous tract of very difficult country, and his men were particularly alert and hard to deal with. Amongst those who served in the pursuing force was Private David James Dunning, of the Northumberland Fusiliers. His case is probably without parallel in the Army, for early in 1902 he was literally riddled with bullets, and his condition was considered hopeless. Modern surgery and appliances, however, saved him. He now wears a specially made steel-bound corset, as part of his right side is completely missing. The action which is described took place on February 25th, 1902, and was one of the very last battles of the war. The burghers triumphed, but they outnumbered the British by three to one. Of the 550 British who were actually engaged, 11 officers and 176 men fell. The Boers lost about 50 in killed and wounded. They vanished after the successful ambush, carrying off the two captured guns and the rifles and ammunition, but leaving the prisoners who had fallen into their hands.

THERE is one thing a soldier always likes to see—and that is his enemy. He soon loses the taste for being potted by invisible marksmen, and for seeing men fall dead, as I have seen them, killed by the bullets of riflemen who are hidden more than two thousand yards away. A soldier, too, likes to have a pitched battle, to go ahead with his work, and get it done with. He soon gets utterly weary of the pursuit of a flying foe that he seldom or never sees, and rapidly tires of the sport of chasing a phantom army.

You know, of course, about the Northumberland Fusiliers—the "Ever Fighting, Never Failing Fifth," as Wellington called them in the days of the Peninsula—and that both battalions went out to South Africa to the war? A wonderful feature of the regimental spirit was that not a single reservist, I believe, failed to return to the Colours when the call came. Of the 2000 officers and men who were on active service, 1200 were reservists. The war cost the regiment, in killed alone, 13 officers, and 229 non-commissioned officers and men, to say nothing of the sick and wounded and the permanently damaged.

I jumped from an easy-going, monotonous Aldershot manœuvring existence to a round of battles—out to Cape Town in the *Gaul*, up to De Aar, and on to Orange River, and there we had a little reconnaissance, which told us something of the kind of work that we were in for. I saw the Boers for the first time, and the Fifth began its sacrifices in the campaign. The first to fall was Lieutenant Bevan, shot through the thigh so badly that he could not move. Colonel Keith-Falconer, our chief, sprang up from behind cover to save the subaltern. He was shot dead—and rests in a soldier's grave in the lonely veld. He was a brave officer and gentleman. It is a strange but inspiriting fact that his successor, Major Ray—"Young Ray," he was called affectionately—was also killed in action, soon afterwards, while doing the same thing—giving his life for a friend. South Africa had its days of gloom; but it has given us many glorious memories.

Then, in six days, we had three battles—Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River. Not a man of the Fifth fell out on the advance to the little farm which has given us the victory of Belmont—yet the heat was awful, and we were loaded up with "oddments," such as soap, canvas shoes, flannel shirt, towel, socks, and greatcoat; to say nothing of sidearms, rifles, and ammunition. In that fierce fight

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at Belmont we fired upon each other at a distance of only about a hundred yards. Here again we lost a gallant gentleman—Captain Eagar, who was shot dead while tending a wounded man—the third officer in the Fifth who, in a few days, had died in the attempt to succour a comrade. There is a grave in Belmont Farm Cemetery in which fourteen of our officers and men are sleeping. After the battle we heaped it up with rocks and earth, made a big cross, planted a prickly pear-tree, and marched on.

At Modder River we had a long and desperate struggle of fourteen hours. For nearly twenty hours the Fifth had nothing but a cup of coffee, and we had to use our emergency ration of cocoa. Lord Methuen in his official dispatch said that the action was one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British Army.

I was shot through the hip, and was ordered home; but I wanted to remain, and I was allowed to stay. There would have been more left of me now if I had taken my chance and returned to England.

I thought I knew, by the time I was fit for service again, what marching and enduring meant; but that was mere child's play to the life I led when we began the pursuit of the phantom army and its "slim" commander, Delarey. At first we thought it would be sport; but when we had become like a column of ragged tramps, and as lean and gaunt as greyhounds, we changed our minds. There was not a man, I think, who did not yearn for a proper fight, just to get the wretched, harassing business settled once and for all.

It is hard to put in words the toil and suffering of it all. But imagine a tremendous tract of sterile country, baking under a blazing sun by day, freezing under a bitter sky by night, and offering no supplies. Pit the vast expanse with swiftly moving figures, which know every nook and crevice of it and change their quarters with unerring judgment when a time of crisis comes. See your comrades fall victims to disease or bullets from invisible opponents; start in the early morning in the high and burning hope of meeting your enemy, who has been reported in front of you, and halt at night, utterly wearied and discouraged, only to learn that he has vanished and is probably somewhere in your rear, ready for a swoop in the darkness. I would rather fight a score of pitched battles than go again through the pursuit of a phantom army.

Yet, in a way, I was spared. I did at last go into action again—and what is left of me is here to tell the tale. They call me, with fine humour, the armour-plated man. I wish I had had some armour on in February, 1902, when we unexpectedly came across Delarey in the flesh.

For some time we had heard and seen nothing of the commandant; but we were not so unwise as to suppose that he had forgotten us. As a matter of fact, he was biding his time, waiting for his chance, and it came when I was in the rearguard of a convoy near Klerksdorp, in the Transvaal, just over the border of the Orange River Colony.

How many miles we had covered in that tremendous trek under Lord Methuen I cannot tell—I hardly care to remember; because there are so many things in this life which it is better to forget. But we had been at it long enough to know the meaning of thirst and hunger, heat and cold, rags and tattered boots, and swarming vermin. On February 1st I was at Klerksdorp, and after a joyful rest there I was off to Wolmaranstad. From that place, on the 23rd, an empty convoy was sent back to Klerksdorp. It never got there.

We had only about fifty miles to march. That was nothing to men who had become known as the Salvation Army and Methuen's Mudcrushers, and who at one time, for fifteen consecutive days, had marched on an average more than fifteen miles a day. That was done, too, under a blazing sun, in a land of dusty road and burnt veld, on half rations, with snatches of food and sleep, and burdened with a weight of from thirty-five to forty pounds. Sometimes four miles meant a dozen, for Tommy Atkins did not travel like the crow.

There were about a hundred and twenty waggons in the convoy, which covered an enormous stretch of country. The escort numbered rather more than 600, and was commanded by Colonel Anderson. It was made up of three companies of the Fifth, some Paget's Horse and Imperial Yeomanry, a pompom, and two guns of the Royal Field Artillery.

We were going steadily ahead—a long, straggling, clumsy, slow procession. Forty of the fifty miles had been covered, and already, from the hills around Klerksdorp, the British sentries could see us coming. There was no suspicion of death in ambush—in fact, Paget's Horse had been sent on, and they went away in the night. They were well out of the fatal morning which followed.

After a black and rainy night we struck our camp and resumed our crawl. It was then daybreak—a grey and cheerless morning.

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Near us was the deep Jagd Spruit and a long mass of scrub and high grass.

I wasn't thinking of any subject in particular; certainly not about the enemy. I wasn't troubling my head about the general plan of things. A private soldier never does, and, for that matter, he doesn't care. He goes ahead with his firing, and then, when the time comes, with the bayonet. He is like his civilian brother—wants to see the end of things as soon as possible.

I was marching in the open, away from rocks and ferns and things of that sort.

Then, like a bolt from the skies, the swoop came upon the convoy. The phantom army had reappeared in the flesh.

A single shot was fired—a vicious little crack which I took to be a signal of attack.

I saw a man in front of me who had sprung up out of the vegetation or from behind a rock—a Boer, whose rifle was presented point blank at us at a distance of something like twenty yards. It was not a comfortable sight to those who were not expecting it. But it was very thrilling.

The solitary marksman fired. Then a lot of his comrades appeared in just the same swift, stealthy, mysterious fashion. I think—I am sure—that they must have been hiding in the spruit and the scrub. I for one saw nothing of them till they were upon us.

Confusion at such a time is inevitable; but there was no panic. We tumbled instantly to the real meaning of things, and settled down to hard, stern work.

"Hands up!" I heard them shouting; but if it comes to that they didn't give a man much time. They might as well have told us that they were going to fire, and then plugged into us.

"Hear that, Tommy?" asked a comrade near me. My name isn't Thomas at all, but that's what I was called. It doesn't much matter to a soldier, so long as he has a name of some sort to identify him. "Hear that? Hands up!"

"Not hands up," I answered. "We'll fight for it!"

"Good for you, Tommy," he shouted. "We will!"

I had scarcely got the words out of my mouth when I saw, a little in front of us, a Boer kneeling and taking aim. I rushed towards him and struck him with the butt of my rifle, and he tumbled over.

I dropped on my knee. "Now," I told my friend, "we have to stay and fight for it. It's life for life to-day."

There was loud and hoarse shouting near me, and a lot of commotion amongst the panic-stricken drivers and the mules.

I saw a mounted man with a *sjambok* in his hand, trying, I suppose, to drive off some of our waggons.

"I'm going to shoot at him!" I said, and I got on my knee at the side of a tree and took steady aim.

I fired and saw the horseman fall.

"That's done it, I think!" I said to my friend. Then I cried: "Keep down!" for I heard a rattling noise very near us, and knew that a volley was being fired by the enemy.

That was merely the beginning of things. The fight had started and went on in such a way that you might have supposed that it would never finish.

All sorts of sounds assailed me, all kinds of voices rose in the confusion. But I think that the chief note in all that was said was one of hope and encouragement. We were ambushed and overpowered—the enemy, it is calculated, was three to one against us—but we kept on fighting furiously, believing, some of us, that help would come from Klerksdorp. Surely the sentries could see what was taking place, and surely an alarm was raised.

There was time for one thing only, and that was to try to save the convoy and one's own life. It was soon clear enough that the convoy was lost, and as to a man's own life, what could he suppose when he looked around him and saw his own comrades lying dead or wounded?

Another rattling volley came—just as, in a thunderstorm, you hear the vicious crackling of the storm-clouds after the vivid lightning flash.

"They've got the guns!" I shouted.

An officer near me cried: "They've claimed the guns, I think!"

Then the ominous word was passed along—"Retire!"

I heard it. The order came from a good and brave officer, and I think that the word was the last he uttered, for almost instantly he was shot dead.

But there was still no immediate withdrawal. We were even yet animated by the spirit of our watchword—no retreat, and no surrender.

I went on firing, steadily, I believe, and as calmly as one can at such a time. Service hardens a man marvellously, and I had been in two little campaigns before I came to South Africa. And in South Africa itself I

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I rushed towards him and struck him with the butt of my rifle, and he tumbled over.

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had had a pretty generous baptism of Mausers.

There had been heavy losses amongst us. I knew that, but I could not tell what the casualties were. I could only judge from what I saw about me—and I knew that many of my comrades would never answer to the roll-call. As a matter of fact, you can be in action, in the thick of it, and know nothing of what is happening beyond the narrowest possible circle. It may be, and probably will be, months before you know the extent of what they call the butchers' bill.

Sometimes a whisper of surrender would come—and can you wonder at it when you remember what it means to be without ammunition or real hope of final victory? In these days of magazine firing a man soon gets rid of his cartridges, and it is the hardest thing in the world in time of action to bring up fresh supplies.

And death is so demoralising, too. A comrade near me said: "Jeps is killed—shot dead. We'd better surrender, Tom."

"No," I answered, "we'll fight for it. There's no surrender, and no turning back. That's what the general said, you know." It is wonderful what influence a saying like that has on the private. He doesn't know much, as I have said, about the plan of things, or the way that schemes are carried out; but he does understand the meaning of an inspiriting message, and a good many of them were issued during the South African war.

So we kept at it, fighting confusedly. At their own particular game the enemy were almost unmatched. They knew so well how to take advantage of cover, and a man with a rifle who is sheltering behind a rock, or hidden in a trench, has infinitely the best of his opponent who is in the open, as we were. He can pick and choose, while his adversary has to take his chances.

You must remember that in such a case as this there is not much chance for using that weapon which probably the British soldier knows better how to wield than any other fighter in the world—the bayonet. The Boers would never face it—and I am not belittling a brave enemy in saying that. No man who has seen the dreadful work of cold steel in battle can fail to have a feeling of horror for the results of it.

So far we had used the rifle solely, answering, as best we could, the merciless bullets from the unseen marksmen. Then something like an electric shock went through us, for the bugle rang out the "Charge!"

There was a lull in the firing, followed by the rattling of the bayonets as they were snatched from the scabbards and fixed; then, with the glittering, deadly tips levelled we rushed towards the spot where the enemy seemed to be hidden most thickly.

What followed was a confused and wild mêlée. The spruit was glutted with the frenzied mules, the broken waggons, and the demoralised drivers. Some there were, of course, who took to their 'heels, and they were lucky, for at any rate they saved their skins.

Meanwhile the Boers were cutting up the convoy, destroying it on all sides ruthlessly. Delarey himself was present, and fought like the brave and chivalrous chief which a good many of us knew him to be.

We were a terribly lessened band, but we were not conquered yet, and there was still hope that if we held out a little longer reinforcements would arrive.

I had settled into the way of the battle, and so far had escaped unhurt. It really seemed as if I should escape entirely free; but apparently it was ordained that my peppering should come thickly.

All at once, in the very thick of the action, I felt a strange, searing sensation in my side. I knew what it was, because I had been bullet-struck before. Still, I held on with the fighting; it is amazing what you can do when you are supported by the excitement of battle. And I did not want to fall, either, and endure the torture of thirst and inevitable neglect on the burning veld.

I was hit a second time, and fell to the ground, lying on my wounded side.

A sergeant bent over me. He saw, without asking, what had happened, and set to work to do his best for me. Every soldier carried a roller bandage, a piece of waterproof, a couple of safety-pins, a pad of wool, and a pad of gauze. So, you see, we had something to set us up as amateur doctors. Besides these things we had an identification card. Extraordinary mistakes arose when a tunic was thrown away, and some other man picked it up, wore it, and was killed. I myself was returned in the list of the departed.

The sergeant must have used or lost his bandage; at any rate, he took off one of his putties, and having picked up a stone he wrapped it in the cloth, and then did his best to place the object to my side, to staunch the bleeding.

I can hardly bear to recall the terrors of that dreadful period, and I will pass lightly over the harrowing incidents that followed.

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The bugle rang out the "Charge."

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I remained where I had fallen, utterly helpless, but perfectly conscious. I did my best to keep quiet, resting on my side, with my arms over my head, as one places them in sleeping.

A bullet entered my right forearm; a second also struck the limb, so that I had four of the missiles in me.

I had already had my share of attention, quite as much as I wanted or could carry.

Surely I might have been spared; but war is merciless.

A fifth bullet struck me in the left arm.

A sixth entered the right hip.

There was a resting space. Then my unhappy target of a carcase was again the recipient of a bullet, this time through the left calf.

To crown all, an eighth bullet struck my right heel.

It is one of the marvels of modern warfare that so many bullets can enter a single individual, and yet make it possible for that individual to live. But the Mauser and Lee-Metford bullets were far different from the old Martini missile, or the dreadful explosive bullets that were sometimes used during the war in South Africa. More than once I saw the terrible havoc which they wrought.

I lay in agony where I had fallen—an agony which was all the more acute because I was conscious, and all the more terrible because, although I was conscious, I was not able to speak or make a sound. My mouth was choked with blood.

All the time there were the fierce but lessening sounds of the battle around me, then a growing silence, then a swimming of the senses, and I knew no more until I was roused to consciousness by men handling me. I managed to move and make some sort of sound; then the men left me. I knew afterwards that it was supposed that I was dead, and that the Boers were beginning to strip me.

Hour after hour I remained where I had fallen—nine in all before I was carried off the field of battle. It is hard, impossible almost, to tell you anything like my real sensations when I was lying wounded; nor can I recall many of the strange and terrible things I witnessed. But I do remember that one picture which impressed itself clearly on my memory was the sight of a sergeant running about quite naked. I do not know what had happened to his clothing, or how he came to be in that condition. I merely recollect that it was so. It is one of the extraordinary incidents of warfare.

Another man I saw, a noble specimen of health and strength, a sergeant who was here and there and everywhere—the perfect picture of a fighter. I lost sight of him in South Africa, and when next we met I myself had almost risen from the dead, and he was being wheeled about in a chair in hospital, a life-long, helpless cripple, for both his legs, because of wounds, had been amputated.

Seven operations put me more or less right, and now my steel-strengthened corsets hold together what is left of me.

Somewhere in the world there is an old comrade, a sergeant, who carries a relic of me about with him, a trifle in the way of a rib.

Fastened to her watch-chain, an old lady, who happens to be my mother, carries a silvered Mauser bullet, the first of the eight with which I was riddled when I was fighting in the rearguard of the captured convoy.

A VAIN BOAST!

"I fear no foe in shining armour!"
He proudly sang, and really meant it.
He felt the suit of shining mail,
To make his dauntless spirit quail
Had yet to be invented.

But, later on, he tried to open
A tin of sardines with the scissors;
His subsequent experience shows
That there are other shining foes
Than knights in mail and vizors.

On that cuirass he made an onslaught.
Alas! those scissors would keep slipping;
Each indentation seemed to smile
With patronising pity, while
His own life blood fell dripping.

That tin of sardines changed his carol
To words that will not bear repeating.
With fingers mercilessly gored,
He owns his bright opponent scored,
And gave him quite a beating.

Jessie Pope.

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David's Engagement.

How He Kept It at All Costs.

By Crichton Miln.

I.

When the little hero of this humble tale had reached the tender age of fourteen and a half, a calamity, or perhaps a blessing in disguise, fell upon his family.

David was accustomed to long absences on the part of his father, and it is sad, yet true, to relate that he had grown to take but little interest in the whereabouts of his prodigal parent.

The boy knew, as a matter of fact, that his father did not aspire to the dignity of a "job," and being only too quick of brain for his own well-being in this world, he had shrewd suspicions when his father returned home unusually well-stocked with money, uproariously drunk, and without doubt very pleased with himself. But, as it has been my anxious desire to point out, David was a wise young person, and kept his opinions strictly to himself.

If an occasional copper came his way upon the return of his father, he squandered it in solitary glory, and without any undue delay. He did not even deign to question his mother upon the subject, and she, good soul, was far too busy with her daily work as a char-woman to hold conversations of an ethical nature with her eldest son.

Upon one occasion David's younger brother had unsuspectingly broached the subject before him, but had been instantly and somewhat disconcertingly rebuked.

"Never you mind 'ow Pa gits 'is livin'. You eat the food wot 'e gives you. If you want to know, 'e backs the winners!" David replied, although he saw too many papers to let himself believe that his not over-intelligent parent made money on the turf.

So, when one fine summer's morning he woke up to find that his father had been caught a few nights previously in the act of moving sundry valuable articles from a house in the neighbourhood of South Kensington whose inmates were away, he was by no means surprised, and not deeply grieved.

"I al'us knew Dad was a id'jit," he remarked philosophically, as he sat at the morning meal eating a large slice of bread and dripping.

His elder sister sniggered.

"Id'jit!—I call it downright disgraceful. I'm bloomin' well ashamed of 'im!"

David crammed a large piece of bread into his already over-crowded mouth before he answered her.

"'Arriet Jane!" he said with conviction, "if you ever 'ave the pluck to do wot Pa's done I'll eat my 'at!"

His mother looked up at him from the dirty child at her breast; a kindly light flickered gently in her careworn eyes as she contemplated her unabashed offspring.

"Stop yer jawin' there," she admonished him—"yer talk more'n's right for a kid!"

David smiled at her encouragingly.

"Did yer 'ear 'Arriet, Ma?" he inquired in reply.

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"Yus, I 'eard 'er!" the woman answered, attending to the baby with one hand, and setting the next youngster's cup farther on the table with the other.

"Owt'n't she to be ashamed of 'erself fer talkin' loike that of 'er own father?"

The mother looked at the girl.

"That's right, 'Arriet. But it serve Joe right for bein' sich a fool."

David took her words up quickly.

"Fer bein' sich a fool to get plugged!" he exclaimed.

"Wot'll my Johnny s'y?" sighed the sorrowing Harriet.

"Which one?" asked David meekly. His mother laughed loudly, while his sister leant across the table to deal him a violent cuff on the ear, but David had dived down quickly and caught her by the ankles, whereat she screamed.

"Stop it—I s'y, stop it," commanded the mother.

David appeared once again, and, with one distrustful eye upon the outraged Harriet, he proceeded, as was his custom, to harangue the assembled company.

"If yer Johnny, wotever one of the fools 'e is, gits jawin' abaht Pa—yer owt to bloomin' well 'it 'im in the mug. Pa's got caught, 'e 'as——"

"Thanks be ——!" murmured his long-suffering spouse.

Her red-haired son looked her up and down contemplatively, as though meditating seriously the morality of her remark.

"Yus! I 'lows as there is some good in Pa goin'. Pa owt to know better'n to get caught, an' he gits so bloomin' tight. But there ain't no call to git ashamed of 'im. 'E's your father, 'Arriet Jane, and as fer as I kin ever see yer ain't likely to git no other."

He stopped for breath.

"I'se going to 'ear 'em send him fer 'is little spell. Who's comin'?"

"It's weeks and weeks 'fore they'll roast 'im!" remarked the mother.

"I ain't goin' any'ow!" put in his sister Harriet.

"Never 'ad a hidea you was!" David retorted. "You comin', Ma?"

His mother laughed gruffly.

"I've got more to do with meself than see yer fool father jawed at by a old bloke in a wig. I'm goin' to git some food for you kids!"

David sighed.

"Well, I've got to git!" he murmured, and started out for his day's work.

II.

David's father was, as a matter of course, committed for trial, and when in a few weeks the fatal day—if we can take that view of it—came, the paper boy walked from Turnham Green, through Hammersmith, and the West End to the Old Bailey—which in those days was old indeed and not New. His mother accused him of an improper desire to gloat over his father's downfall, but she was speedily corrected.

"That ain't right, Ma," David informed her—"yer know it ain't. I sez 'as 'ow it ain't proper fer none o' us to be there to kin' of show we ain't forgotten the old 'un." And so away he trudged—despite the fact that he would lose a day selling papers, and that he would have to walk all the long eight miles home.

He felt rather frightened when he reached Old Bailey, and stood, a little, helpless boy, on the pavement, looking around somewhat despondently, and racking his usually decisive brain for some scheme by which he could find his way in. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the burly figure of a hawker who came from his neighbourhood, and who was an acquaintance of his father. David was at his side in a moment, and put his case before him in quick little bursts of street-arab oratory. The rough man looked down at him not unkindly.

"Want to kin' o' give the boss a 'elpin' 'and, little 'un?" he laughed, patting him on the shoulder—"yer come along with me."

When they entered, the court room was already full, and they were forced to stand at the back of the rows of seats. The boy saw his father standing in the dock, and his young heart beat happily when he realised that there was no sign of sorrow or weakness on the man's face.

"'E's game any'ow," he whispered to his friend, a note of pride in his fresh young voice.

He tried hard to make his father look at him—but to no purpose; and when the prosecuting counsel made a particularly sharp remark he had to dig his much-bitten nails into the palms of his hands to keep from calling out.

At last it was over, and David heard, as one in a dream, the judge sentence his father to a year's imprisonment.

For the first time the boy gave way, for he felt the hot blood rush to his cheeks, and the tears to his quivering eyes. He saw, through the mist of his tears, his father look desperately round the court as though in search

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of a friendly face. In a moment he was on tip-toe, and he called out in a shrill, and yet hoarse voice:

"Father, father!"

The prisoner caught sight of him and a smile played for a moment on his hard features.

Several hands pushed David hurriedly from the court, but as he went his words rang out above the excited murmurings of the crowd.

"Good ole Dad!"

And I fancy that the judge smiled gently to himself.

III.

David gave up the precarious habit of selling papers in the streets of Chiswick and of Ravenscourt Park for the more settled, if less exciting, life of an office boy.

He was so unlucky as to lose his master very shortly afterwards, but the clergyman who had got him his first place, encouraged by the excellent character that he brought with him, did not desert the boy, and soon had him working in a new business office.

All this was while his father was in prison, repenting, let us hope, the folly of his unrighteousness, and piling up an inestimable number of good resolutions for future use.

In consequence David's household was at peace with itself, and although David did not lose any of those sterling qualities of his that made me love him so well—the brisk,

He called out in a shrill, and yet hoarse voice; "Father, father!"

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courageous young animal—he learnt, under the modifying influence of the clerks, to take life more calmly, and occasionally to think upon this, that, and other things. Well, the time passed on, which is a way that time has, and before David or anyone else realised it, the better part of a year had come and gone.

The time for his father's release was drawing nigh, and, although he had heard nothing, David was anxiously awaiting his parent's return. He had made up his mind to go and welcome his father home. He, however, did not in the least allow himself to be unsettled in his way of living by the thought of this happy event, and when the chief clerk in his office presented him with two tickets for a *matinée* at the Gaiety—oh! glory of glories—David was himself again. He was the David that I had grown to love so well

To you and me it may seem strange never to have been to a theatre, but amongst the class of people from whom David sprang it is the rule rather than the exception.

Theirs is a sterner business in life than theatre-going; it is scarcely as enjoyable.

No! David had never been inside a theatre; in fact, his theatrical experiences consisted of a hungry perusal of the many glaring posters that caught his eye from the hoardings. He ran as soon as he got out of his train, and he ran quickly, as children will when they have news. In a torrent of enthusiasm he invited his sister to accompany him, and then and there, amidst many laughing interjections and happy jokes, he made all the arrangements.

That was on Monday.

When he arrived home on Tuesday evening there was news waiting for him. As he sat eating his wretched little supper his mother came in and told him that his father was to be set free next day at two o'clock.

David paled and looked up.

"To-morrer, Ma?" he asked.

The mother nodded.

David ate on in silence. He took a drink of water to clear his trembling throat.

Then he grinned to himself.

"'Arriet," he said at last, addressing his sister, "you'll 'ave to take one of the kids to the show."

His mother and sister gazed at him with blank surprise.

"One o' the kids!" they gasped together.

"You're starin' mad!" his sister cried incredulously.

David nodded.

"Maybe I is, but I ain't goin' to break a engagement for all that. I'm going to meet Pa!" David replied quietly. "I can't go."

Then he slipped quietly out into the night.

IV.

The father looked about for a moment, and then caught sight of a small, red-headed boy.

With a glad cry David ran up to him.

"Why, Dave!" the man exclaimed softly, "it's mighty kind of yer, boy, to think o' the ole man!"

David put his hand in that of his father.

"Come 'ome, Pa!" he cried cheerfully.

And they started home.

SUPPOSING!

I asked her once (the one I most admire)
If she with me would travel through the sky . . .
"I know an aeroplane that I can hire
All by ourselves, my darling, you and I!"

But she I love the best just shook her head:
She thought upon the whole she would not go . . .
And when I asked her reason, gently said:
"I am afraid we might fall out, you know!"

I answered that she really need not fear,
Since in experience I did not lack;
She sighed again, and said: "Supposing, dear,
That we should be blown up when we came back!"

R. Mertun.

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London's Little Housewives

How the L.C.C. is Training Girls in Housewifely Arts.

By Frank St. Austell.

(Illustrated with Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.)

Taking a turn at the mangle.

Years ago Solomon set the value of a good housewife above that of rubies. To-day, being scarcer than at the time when he expressed his historic opinion, she is even more precious. There is a very human touch about the old joke wherein the newly-married husband finds trouble in masticating his wife's cake, and, being told that she made it out of the cookery book, suggests that his piece contains some of the cover of the volume.

Especially among the working-classes is a knowledge of cookery and the housewifely arts a luxury rather than a matter of course at the present day, and because of this the London County Council has inaugurated a special school of housewifery at Brixton, and classes in kindred subjects at over two hundred of its ordinary schools.

This being the case, when Mary Smith arrives in one of the three highest standards of her particular school, she is now initiated into the dark mysteries of cookery, bed-making, the care and feeding of her baby brother or sister, the making and mending of her own clothes, washing, mangling, ironing, and other things which her mother ought to have taught her, but was unable to enlighten her upon, for the best of all reasons—that she was ignorant of them herself.

A group of pupils ironing and finishing linen.

Mary, if she is lucky enough to attend the special school at Brixton, learns how to be a scientific modern housekeeper. She is sent into the splendid laundry, and shown how to wash special articles of apparel. For instance, she is taught not to put her brother's flannel shirt into boiling water with soda in it, because its unhappy owner would never be able to get into it again after such treatment.

To Mary's astonishment there is a

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wrong and a right way even in such an apparently simple business as washing clothes, while, when she takes her turn in the mangling and ironing department, and learns how linen should be ironed and finished, she begins to look on a competent washerwoman as a being worthy of the deepest respect.

Of course, dressing and undressing and washing "baby" is the best fun in Mary Smith's estimation. What Mary does not know about the proper treatment of an infant would, as a rule, fill a large volume, and what she does know is hardly worth mentioning. For this reason she is not encouraged to bring a small relation for practice work; "baby" is an inanimate infant, and takes the form of a large doll.

Thus, without any danger to anyone, Mary Smith learns from actually doing it how to dress and undress a young child, wash it, put it to bed, and generally provide for its well being. Everything is done on strictly economical lines; a superannuated banana crate makes an excellent cradle when money is a consideration, and baby will sleep just as happily in it as in the most elaborate resting place modern skill can provide.

A girl learning the care and management of infants by washing and dressing a doll. The cradle is made out of a banana crate, which has often been recommended by coroners as a cheap and efficient substitute for the regulation article.

Learning to prepare an infant's food. The most scrupulous care is insisted on, and the children are carefully impressed with the importance of proper feeding for infants.

They also tell Mary that beer and sardines, and similar delicacies, are bad for a little thing, although grown-ups may enjoy them with more or less impunity, and so she is instructed in the art of preparing the proper food for babies, and how to make a limited outlay of money go as far as possible in feeding them.

Although healthy people can sleep on almost anything, if you have a bed in the house it is as well to understand it. There is more in making a bed than meets the eye, and

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The science and art of bedmaking is acquired by actual practice, and a full-sized bed is provided for the purpose.

at the L.C.C. school they show Mary how the best housewives do it. Beds ought to be aired properly, too; and although Mary was taught how to wash the blankets and sheets in the laundry, she is told that proper ventilation is almost as necessary as proper washing. She also discovers that a bolster need not really be lumpy, and many other little details that the good housewife ought to know.

In course of time Mary becomes an excellent cook. The instruction is very practical, since the L.C.C. realise that it is no use teaching her how to prepare *croutes d'œufs pochés aux esperges*, or *faisan en casserole*, because the necessity for doing so will never arise.

The cookery is based on three stated incomes of 28*s*., 38*s*., and 50*s*. a week, and Mary is taught how to manage any of these household budgets down to the minutest details. She and her companions are given lists of purchases to make, are told what they are to pay for each item, and then are sent out to the local shops to put their instructions into practice.

Not every modern matron could provide a dinner of roast mutton and potatoes, stewed plums and rice, for a family of six at a total cost of ninepence; but it can be done, and the cookery mistress tells Mary how to do it, and more, she makes her do it her very own self. The proof of the dinner being the eating, the pupils are allowed to buy the meal they cook at 1½*d*. a head (for the lowest income), and Mary marvels at her own attainments while she discusses their results.

The great aim of her instructresses is to teach her how to make whatever income she may have at her disposal in the future go as far as possible, and to spend it in the most profitable manner so as to secure the utmost value for every farthing.

A cookery class in full swing. Cooking is taught very practically, and the children learn how to feed a family of a given number at the least possible cost. They learn the price of everything, and how to cater for to-day so that what is left over may go towards to-morrow's menu.

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Also, the L.C.C. have another end in view almost as important as teaching London girls to make the most of what they have to spend.

They argue that if a girl takes an interest and a pride in household matters, whether in a home of her own or in her mother's house, she has the best possible occupation, and if she can be induced to make a hobby of housework it keeps her away from too many amusements, some of which may not be altogether desirable, and saves her from the feverish desire for change and excitement at all times, which is such an unfortunate trait in the characters of the working-classes, as of others, to-day.

An example of the useful lines on which cookery is taught; girls learning how to provide a dinner of roast mutton, potatoes, stewed plums, and rice for six people at a cost of 9d.

They consider that if Mary is cooking the supper or putting the baby to bed she will not be at a music-hall, and that domestic pursuits are far more interesting than song and dance turns if she only knew it.

Finally, Mary Smith is taught to make and mend her own clothes. She is encouraged to make sewing a recreation after the sterner occupations of cooking and washing, and it is pointed out to her that while you are sitting down to rest you might as well do a little needlework as read a novelette. Moreover, the instructress draws her attention to the fact that if you buy your own material and make it up yourself, you get a great deal better value for your money than if you buy ready-made clothes.

"You can't make your own boots, Mary, my dear," pursues the instructress, "but you can make your own clothes, and they'll look better and last longer than any you can buy at the shops. And, by the way, this is the one and only way to make a respectable darn," etc., etc.

Girls making and mending clothes while a companion reads to them to lighten their labours.

By the means described in this article it is hoped to train up a generation of women who know all there is to know about managing their homes and looking after their families. It is claimed that the amount of money wasted in ignorance among the poor of this country would, if properly spent, go a long way towards mitigating their present sufferings.

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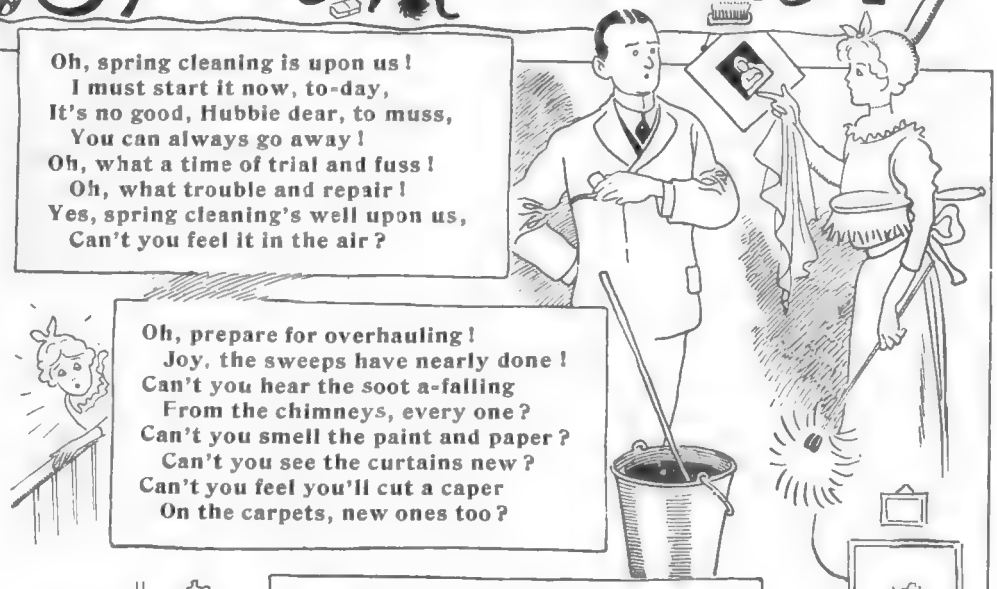
Spring Cleaning

Oh, spring cleaning is upon us!
I must start it now, to-day,
It's no good, Hubbie dear, to muss,
You can always go away!
Oh, what a time of trial and fuss!
Oh, what trouble and repair!
Yes, spring cleaning's well upon us,
Can't you feel it in the air?



Oh, prepare for overhauling!
Joy, the sweeps have nearly done!
Can't you hear the soot a-falling
From the chimneys, every one?
Can't you smell the paint and paper?
Can't you see the curtains new?
Can't you feel you'll cut a caper
On the carpets, new ones too?

Mary Jane! Oh, Mary Jane!! How
Can you let me roar and bellow?
How *dare* you stand and gossip now
With that paint and pap'ring fellow?
Come here at once—don't be all day!—
Oh, oh! can't you hear me squealing?
Quick, quick, and bring the tongs, I say,
Here's a SPIDER on the ceiling!

Oh, no, Hubbie dear, I *never*
Laid that tintack on your chair,
Any more than Father *ever*
Laid a carpet on the stair!
One's as likely as the other—
Don't blame me at times like this—
Oh, with one thing and another,
Oh, spring cleaning isn't bliss!

Mary Jane! Oh, Mary Jane!! Where-
Ever now on earth are you?
A MOUSE'S NEST—look! inside *there!*
In the toe of that old shoe!—
Spring cleaning 'tis a time of care,
Oh, 'tis anything but gay!
And when *at last* 'tis finished, there
Are, oh, *such* bills to pay!

Constance Meadows.

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A Deal in Dogs.

I was quite pleased to find a letter from Aunt Matilda by the side of my breakfast bacon one splendid morning in May. I could be quite sure, in the first place, that there would be a five pound note inside; and I could also rely on a rather peremptory invitation to stay with my aunt at Little Stottney.

It was true that Aunt Matilda was sure to have some extraordinary piece of business on hand—last time she had sent for me it was to defeat an upstart curate at croquet; the time before to exact the utmost penalty of the law upon a farmer who had the temerity to catch in a trap my aunt's cat, Peebles, a dour Grimalkin of poaching habits.

All the same, the prospect of a trip out of London for a week or two was quite alluring.

My pleasant anticipations were more than fulfilled, but I must confess to a considerable shock when, on opening the letter, out dropped a cheque for twenty-five pounds. What could be the reason for this burst of munificence? I turned to the letter for information, and read as follows:

The Red House,
Little Stottney,
Suffolk, May 26th.

My Dear Nephew,

I have long been intending to write to ask you to pay me a visit, as there are several small matters I wish to consult you about. I was going to put it off till next month, but something has now occurred which makes it important that I should have a man at my side to advise, and if necessary to protect me.

As you may have heard, The Welkin, which stands opposite my house, has recently been taken by a General Sholto. I am not, as you know, fond of military men; at the same time I should have wished to meet him in a neighbourly spirit, in spite of the fact that he keeps a motor-car, a machine which I abominate, and a chauffeur, who I greatly fear is making love to Amelia.

But this is not all.

The general keeps a huge St. Bernard, a most *pugnacious* and *vicious* creature. How pugnacious you will see for yourself, when I tell you that he is constantly luring my darling Jo eph into combats with him.

(It must be mentioned that this Joseph was well known to me as the biggest and most savage bull-terrier of my acquaintance.)

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The climax came yesterday. Joseph was quietly eating a bone on the lawn, when Crusoe—the general's dog—came bounding in, and rushed at my gentle pet like an infuriated lion. Joseph naturally turned to defend himself, whereupon the monster seized his bone and made off with it. Joseph followed, and from the sounds I heard I fancy a savage fight must have taken place in the general's garden. I cannot help feeling glad that Joseph succeeded in recovering his bone, and bit the chauffeur who attempted to interfere.

I at once wrote to General Sholto, informing him of what had occurred, and demanding that Crusoe should at once be placed under proper control. His answer I have just received. I can only say it is what I should have expected from a soldier and a motorist. He declares that Joseph was the aggressor, having stolen the bone from Crusoe in the first place, just as if that excuses his dog entering my garden, and he goes on to say that it is a well-known fact that St. Bernards are a particularly docile and friendly species. "You, madam," he concludes, "appear to have got hold of a particularly undesirable specimen of a most ferocious breed. Let me advise you to be careful. My chauffeur tells me he is buying a pistol. Yours faithfully, WOLSELEY SHOLTO."

I do not know much about the law, but I think it must be possible to send the chauffeur, if not the general himself, to prison for this murderous threat. For the present I have shut Joseph in the drawing-room, and shall keep him there till you are here to advise me. Please catch the next train if possible; dear Joseph is so very playful among my old china. I inclose a little present which I hope will compensate you for your absence from your office for a few days.

No doubt your staff will be able to deal with the more pressing business.

Your affectionate aunt,
MATILDA GRIMWADE.

Twenty-five pounds, I decided, would amply compensate me for a short absence from my professional duties, which consisted in sitting in a small, dingy office, playing dominoes with my "staff," a promising young scoundrel, *ætat* thirteen, who wasted my stationery at a salary of six and sixpence per week.

Aunt Matilda invariably describes me to her friends as a "rising young lawyer." I have risen, considerably, it is true—from the first to the fifth floor in Honeycote Buildings; but if I rise any higher it can only be to pitch a tent on the roof.

I packed quickly, wrote a note to the "staff" already alluded to, and took a hansom to Liverpool Street Station. The united efforts of the Great Eastern Railway and a station fly landed me at Little Stottney soon after midday.

I was received by my aunt in the drawing-room, and I could not help noticing that chairs, tables, and in particular the china cabinet, wore a somewhat battered look. An old Sèvres vase of fabulous worth had disappeared entirely.

"A terrible blow has fallen on me since I wrote," said Aunt Matilda, our first greetings over. "Joseph has disappeared. You little know how thankful I am to have *you* with me."

This, though ambiguous, was meant to be flattering.

"I look to you, Charles," my aunt went on in broken tones, "to help me in this sad hour."

"You can rely on me to do my best, Aunt Matilda," I declared. "Above all, we must look on the bright side. In my profession we are accustomed to deal with the most difficult and unexpected problems. Detective work has always been a favourite study of mine, and I have read almost all the detective tales that have ever been published." (I have plenty of time for reading at the office.) "What I should like from you now is a statement of what has occurred since you wrote to me yesterday."

"I can tell you in a few words," said my aunt. "For reasons that are obvious" (here her gaze strayed to the china cabinet) "it was inadvisable to keep Joseph in this room all night. Therefore I ordered him to be shut up in the kitchen, intending to keep him indoors till your arrival to-day. But to my horror, when I came down to breakfast this morning, Amelia informed me that he had slipped out of the front door soon after she came down. She thinks she heard him barking in the general's garden afterwards. From that hour to this there has been no sign of Joseph, dead or alive."

I made a note of this statement with a professional air. From my extensive reading of detective literature, I knew exactly what ought to happen. The general had obviously kidnapped the dog: he would have a niece whose acquaintance I must at once make. I should fall in love with her; she would persuade the general to disgorge Joseph; Amelia would marry the chauffeur, the general would play picquet with my aunt, while the eventual alliance of myself with the niece must be within the bounds of probability.

"I should now like to ask you one or two questions, Aunt Matilda," I said, in a business-like tone. "This case presents some novel and interesting features. Had Joseph ever bitten anyone before the chauffeur?"

"Only the postman," said my aunt with

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some embarrassment, "and he has had half-a-crown every time it has happened."

"Um," said I reflectively, making an entry. "Has he ever before been missing for many hours together?"

"Never," was the emphatic reply. "He always comes in to meals. He has missed three to-day, a thing he would never have done of his own accord."

"Now, just a question or two about the general's household. Has he a niece living or staying with him?"

"Oh, no. He keeps two maids, a chauffeur, and a gardener, and I believe the chauffeur acts as his valet as well."

"No niece!" I exclaimed anxiously. "A daughter possibly? or even a second cousin?"

Aunt Matilda shook her head.

"This is quite extraordinary," I observed. "However, with your permission, aunt, I will now have a few words with Amelia."

I composed my features to a judicial sternness, and when the shrinking form of the housemaid appeared, I motioned her to a chair.

"Now, Amelia," I began, "I want to get at the facts concerning the disappearance of Joseph this morning. First, what time did he go?"

"A quarter-past seven," gasped Amelia, who was neatly balanced on the extreme edge of the chair nearest the door.

"And at what time did you hear him barking over at The Welkin?"

"It must have been nearly eight."

"Where were you when you heard him?"

"In the garden."

"Whereabouts in the garden?"

"I was standing," said Amelia, rather defiantly, "by the front gate, looking out for the milk."

"Exactly. And while you were looking out for the milk, did you happen to see—anyone else?"

"I see the postman," said Amelia reflectively. "Oh, yes. And I see the general's chuffer, Mr. Nicholls."

"Perhaps you spoke to Mr. Nicholls," I suggested.

"I might 'ave," said Amelia defiantly.

"And what did Mr. Nicholls do when he heard Joseph barking in the general's garden?"

"Well, sir, he said: 'O 'elp!' and ran off 'ome sudden like. I ain't seen him since."

"I see. Well, just one more question, Amelia, and that will do. What is Mr. Nicholls' Christian name?"

"His name is 'Orace," said Amelia, colouring, "which I don't see as it effects the case, him having been in the Army and a perfect gentleman."

"No, Amelia," I said sadly, "of course you don't. But it is by attention to small details like this that all really great detectives have succeeded. However, Amelia, you will hardly appreciate the deep workings of the criminologist's mind, and so I must not detain you.

"I have formed a theory, Aunt Matilda," I said, when that lady returned. "And it is being rapidly confirmed. For a short time we must wait for developments — er — to —er develop. In the meantime, I may tell you that I believe Joseph is in the hands of a man who has a grudge against him. He weighs less than twenty stone, has been in the Army, and his Christian name is Horace."

"Why," exclaimed my aunt in bewilderment, "you must mean the general's chauffeur. I remember Amelia told cook ——"

I raised a majestic hand.

"You must not ask me for any further details at present," I said. "We have to deal with a conspiracy of a particularly infamous kind. If, as you surmise, it is General Sholto and his chauffeur who have kidnapped Joseph, we must above all things be cautious.

"I hope by this time to-morrow to have completed my plan of campaign, and I can assure you that your faithful canine friend shall not remain in the hands of his enemies one second longer than is necessary." With these impressive words I went upstairs to dress for dinner.

My aunt retired early to bed, and I spent the evening in considering such possibilities as presented themselves. I at once put away from me any thought of a mere midnight raid on the general's premises. In the first place it would be common-place. In the second, Joseph, if found, would certainly bite me. I felt it extremely hard that I should be deprived of the legitimate aid which some attractive female relative of the general would have afforded. In all my considerable experience of "true" detective stories, I had never met with a crueller case. However, I am a man of some determination, and difficulties only increase it. I pondered far into the night, then went to bed, and dreamt that I had the general chained up in Joseph's kennel.

I descended cheerfully to breakfast next morning, only an hour late; Aunt Matilda

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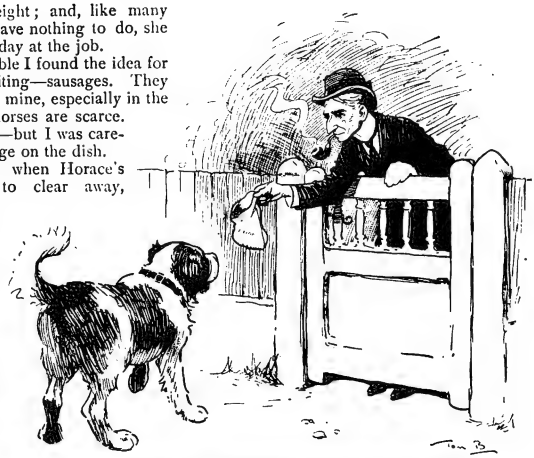
breaks her fast at eight; and, like many amiable people who have nothing to do, she likes to spend a long day at the job.

On the breakfast table I found the idea for which I had been waiting—sausages. They are a favourite dish of mine, especially in the country, where 'bus horses are scarce. I made a hearty meal—but I was careful to leave one sausage on the dish.

"Amelia," I said, when Horace's charmer appeared to clear away, "would you be good enough to wrap this sausage up in a paper bag, and let me have it as soon as possible; also the key of the stable."

I felt that this was a distinctly professional beginning. Detectives always make some apparently idiotic request of this sort, and thereby incur the ridicule of the ignorant; in my case, Amelia and cook, whose suppressed guffaws came shortly afterwards drifting up the kitchen stairs.



I . . . dangled the paper bag temptingly over the gate.

However, I got my paper parcel and the key, and thus armed, I went for a stroll in the garden. A convenient clump of bushes hid me from the road, while still giving a view of it.

The entrance gate of The Welkin stood almost opposite me, and I could command a view of the drive leading up to the house. There were no stables—these had been done away with to make way for a new motor-house. I had a sudden intuition that this was the place of Joseph's detention—all detectives, I believe, have intuitions. Besides, it seemed to be the only place available.

But for the moment I was not concerned with Joseph. I was betting on the general's taking a morning constitutional. As a matter of fact I had smoked one pipe, and my second was already on the wane when the gallant officer appeared.

As General Sholto came down the drive, I took careful stock of him. (Detectives always do this.) He was evidently military, with a fierce moustache, white hair and eyebrows, and an Indian complexion. His aspect was distinctly terrifying, and I felt vaguely that he must eat a lot of cayenne pepper. Behind him came a large, comfortable-looking creature, something like a St. Bernard and something like a sheep—Crusoe, in fact.

Now the general's pace and Crusoe's pace were two very diverse things. By the time Crusoe had reached the gates the general's long stride had already carried him round a bend in the road—no doubt quite certain that Crusoe would follow him as usual.

Here was my chance. Not a soul was in sight. I advanced from my hiding-place, and dangled the paper bag temptingly over the gate.

Crusoe looked round with interest; hesitated; came towards me. I opened the gate, and slowly withdrew the paper bag. He followed me silently, and, for him, almost swiftly down a shady path that led round the garden to the disused stable already mentioned. I entered, so did he. With a snort of joy he seized upon the sausage, swallowed it at one gulp, and immediately composed himself to sleep on a convenient bundle of straw. I withdrew, locking the door behind me, and went in to lunch, feeling that I thoroughly deserved it.

I explained what I had done to my aunt.

"We hold Crusoe as a hostage, Aunt Matilda," I said. "I shall keep him imprisoned in the stable, and shall feed him myself on a plain yet sufficient diet. I must ask you to warn the maids on no account to

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feed or go near him, and not to mention to any outsider that we have got him here."

Aunt Matilda promised to do as I asked. For herself, she said, she did not wish to see the wretched creature, and would be only too glad to leave the entire responsibility of him in my hands.

The following days were uneventful, and I will pass them quickly by. I myself was beginning to tire slightly of the dog-trouble. It had, of course, its amusing side, and I was having a very pleasant holiday, but I felt myself losing interest, and I am bound to say that I thought more than once that I noticed the same feeling in my aunt. For instance, when we were conversing on the chances of getting Joseph back, she would change the subject with something like abruptness. I scarcely understood it.

I put it down at the time to overwrought feelings, little suspecting the true cause.

It was, I think, on the fourth day of Crusoe's captivity that I noticed a falling off in my prisoner's appetite. I had put him on an allowance of two biscuits a day—one in the morning, and one in the evening—and I had hitherto found him extremely ready to devour even this plain fare.

But going after dinner to give him his frugal meal I found Crusoe sleeping—a most unusual thing for him at meal times. With some little difficulty I woke him; he looked with an air of sleepy contempt at the biscuit and at me; then ostentatiously turning his back on me he went to sleep again.

I went into the house, and over a cigar I pondered this development.

Clearly Crusoe had been got at. Some one, dissatisfied with the quantity or quality of food he was getting, had augmented it with a private supply. The problem was—who? I could not dismiss from my mind Amelia's undoubted interest in Mr. Nicholls. It seemed only too clear. She must have betrayed our secret to the chauffeur, and, in obedience to his prompting, given Crusoe a square meal. It was nine o'clock, and my aunt had already retired to bed, but I decided to interview Amelia, and wring the truth from her at once. I rang the bell.

"Amelia," I began sternly, when she arrived, "when your mistress told you that I had shut the general's St. Bernard up in the stable, she told you also, I believe, to be careful not to mention the fact to anyone not a member of the household. Amelia," I said, "have you obeyed those instructions?"

Here Amelia began to weep.

"I do not wish to be hard on yo," I proceeded, "but if you have disobeyed them I am bound to tell you that you have placed me in a very difficult position. But I do not want to get you into trouble, and if you will make a clean breast of it, I will do my best to screen you."

This noble offer only intensified Amelia's woe. She sobbed dismally.

"Come now, control yourself, Amelia," I said sharply. "You are making yourself positively plain." The sobs immediately began to decrease. "What would Mr. Nicholls say if he could see you now?"

This had the effect of stopping the tears, but Amelia flared up at me.

"Which I haven't seen him these four days," she said.

"Not seen him since Joseph disappeared?" I exclaimed. "I hope you are speaking the truth, I sincerely do. But this is what I want to know. How is it that Crusoe, shut up in the stable, has been fed to-day by some unauthorised person? Do you know anything about it?"

"If he 'as been," said Amelia guardedly, "Mr. Nicholls doesn't know nothing about it."

"But *you* do, Amelia," I said. "Come now, who is responsible?"

"I can't tell you, sir," said Amelia flatly.

"You must."

"I shan't then," she replied.

"Very well, Amelia. If you defy me I shall have to speak to your mistress."

Then the essential feminine that lies dormant even in a housemaid, spoke.

"Ask *'er* who fed Crusoe," she said with a meaning look, and was gone.

This sudden revelation was such a shock to me that my hand positively trembled as I measured out a whisky and soda. When I had drunk it I felt more able to face the situation.

Briefly it was this. My aunt was clandestinely feeding, or causing to be fed, the dog of her enemy.

It all became clear to me as I set my wits to work on this curious fact. First a visit to the captive, prompted by mere feminine curiosity; second, pity for a fallen foe; third, a comparison of Joseph and Crusoe; and after that, the deluge.

One thing was quite certain. If my aunt had decided that she preferred to keep the general's dog rather than have her own back, she would certainly do so. And any difficulty in the path would have to be bridged by me.

I ought to have remembered, of course,

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"What do you want, sir?" asked the general ferociously.

that the darkest hour comes before the dawn, and that every detective, when on the point of giving up the problem he is trying to unravel, has a wonderful stroke of luck which makes everything plain sailing. As it was, I lost many hours of sleep, and when breakfast-time arrived my nerves were still so shaky that I was actually punctual.

My aunt's rubicund face was cheerful and calm as ever, and she poured out the coffee with a commendably steady hand. I did not fail to notice, however, that her indoor shoes were slightly wet with the morning dew, betraying to my trained mind that she had started thus early in the day on her path of deception. Yet her composure was perfect; it would have done credit to a murderer.

The morning passed without event. I watched my aunt eat an excellent lunch, and endured her affectionate reproaches for my own lack of appetite. Then over an unsatisfactory pipe my resolve was taken.

Come of it what might, I would beard the general in his den, and bring the wretched business to an end. If my diplomacy resulted in the recovery of the old love and the loss of the new, Aunt Matilda would have only herself to thank.

With a firm step and a thumping pulse I rang the front door bell at The Welkin at three precisely. At three-two I was facing the general in his smoking-room.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the general ferociously, his moustache positively bristling with military aggressiveness.

"Thanks very much," I returned mildly. "I think I *will* join you in a whisky and soda." So saying, I helped myself.

"Sit down and give an account of yourself," shouted the general, his face purple with rage.

"I was born," I replied politely, "in 1878. Educated first at an excellent school kept by a maiden lady named Tait, and afterwards at Harrow. My people decided that I had too many brains for the Army, consequently——"

"Confound you, sir," shrieked the general. "I don't care about your infernal brains—I want to know what you are *here* for?"

"Then why didn't you say so?" I remarked, with some natural irritation. "I have come to have a little chat with you about these dogs."

I was certainly not prepared for the effect that these simple words had on my antagonist. His moustache bristled no more, the colour of his countenance faded to a pale pink; with one hand he seized his glass and took a hasty gulp, the other strayed over his

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chair and rested caressingly on the head of Joseph, who smiled pleasantly.

My mind, as I think I have mentioned before, works quickly, but I must admit that I was surprised and taken aback by the general's evident confusion. It is true that he had nefariously stolen my aunt's dog; on the other hand, I—as he must by this time be aware—had stolen his. Yet he was uncomfortable. Why? I racked my brain for a solution.

The general cleared his throat.

"I imagine, sir," he began, "that you are acting on behalf—er—of my—er—esteemed neighbour, Miss—er—Grimwade."

"My aunt," I replied, with a polite bow.

"Then let me say at once," pursued General Sholto, "how much I regret the—er—regrettable incidents of the last few days. Liver, sir, all liver, I assure you."

"Quite so, quite so." I nodded sympathetically. "We, for our part, are quite willing to let bygones be bygones, including—er—your liver, but of course we must put matters on a proper basis first. My aunt's dog, Joseph——"

The general winced perceptibly. He patted the dog once more on the head, and in a flash I saw how the land lay. My stroke of luck had arrived. Fate had played into my hands. The general was as unwilling to part with Joseph as was my aunt with Crusoe. Hastily changing my tactics, I proceeded:

"My aunt's dog, as I was saying, is already sold—that is to say, practically sold—to a friend of mine in London. I advised her some time ago to replace him with a dog more suitable for a lady; indeed, I came down intending to take him back with me, and as I shall be leaving almost at once——"

The general blew his nose violently.

"May I ask, sir, if the sale is completed? By a curious coincidence, I am trying to sell my dog, and if——" He broke off.

I shook my head.

"There is nothing actually settled—but my aunt has been offered a very good price—£20—and this she has decided to accept."

"I offer £25," said the general abruptly.

I looked surprised.

"In that case, of course," I said, "I have no doubt that the matter can be arranged. But I must make a proviso. In a small place like this, where everything is known to everybody, people have been gossiping, and some explanation is required—merely for the public consumption, you understand. My aunt had better retain Crusoe, and we can give out that you have simply exchanged dogs. To put the matter on a business footing, I suggest that you deduct the odd £5 as the price of the animal."

"I am perfectly agreeable," said the general.

"One thing more," I proceeded. "My aunt is a strong-willed woman—some might call her obstinate. She thinks she is entitled to an apology from you—you, of course, being undoubtedly the aggressor."

"An apology," said the general uneasily. "I *might* manage it—though such things are not quite in my line. There's my liver to consider, you see." He shook his head despondently.

"A paper apology would do," I remarked. "In fact, I could embody it in a short legal document, putting on record the exchange of the dogs."

The general rose and grasped me by the hand. A few minutes later I was on my way home with his cheque for £20 in my waistcoat pocket.

* * * * *

And so it was that when I returned to my life of toil and stress in the Metropolis I carried back with me not only health and strength renewed by my stay in the country; not only the general's cheque for £20, which my aunt positively refused to accept, but also the following unique legal instrument which now reposes in my safe, alongside of the last will and testament, and the insurance policy against burglary belonging to my Aunt Matilda—who is still, I regret to say, my only client:

AN AGREEMENT made between Matilda Jane Grimwade of the one part and Wolseley Sholto of the other part on the 3rd day of June, 1908. The said Matilda Jane Grimwade agrees to take and the said Wolseley Sholto agrees to give all that St. Bernard dog known as and answering to the name of Crusoe; and the said Matilda Jane Grimwade agrees to give and the said Wolseley Sholto agrees to take all that bull-terrier dog known as and sometimes answering to the name of Joseph; in consideration of which exchange, the said Wolseley Sholto has paid to the said Matilda Jane Grimwade the sum of £20, hereby acknowledged.

PROVIDED ALWAYS that the said Wolseley Sholto tenders and the said Matilda Jane Grimwade accepts all proper apologies and regrets for any actions of himself or any of his servants, domestics, or dependents as may have caused distress or annoyance to the said Matilda Jane Grimwade.

Witness our hands.

(Signed)
MATILDA JANE GRIMWADE.
WOLSELEY SHOLTO.

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CAP & BELLS

HIS INCENTIVE.

YOUNG MAN: "Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent."

OLD MAN: "I live next door to Miss Smith."

* * * * *

TRUST.

I looked into her hazel eyes and I stroked her lovely head,
We were something more than friends, and "I trust you, dear," I said.
They led her away and left me in the midst of a crowd, alone,
With a fluttering pulse and a heart of lead, or, maybe of stone.

I waited, and watched, and wondered: had I trusted her too far?
My life and future lay with her to make or to mar;
I thought of the morrow if she were true as I thought she'd be,
And again of the morrow—if she were not, alas for me.

There were shouts—a moment's silence—and then in a flash she came,
My lips were parched, and vainly I tried to utter her name,
But others did it for me, and told in a roar my fate:
"Brown Bess—by Jove! The filly wins! What a price—too to 8!"

S. H.

* * * * *

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"What great blessing do we enjoy that the heathen knows nothing about?" inquired the Sunday-school teacher.

"Soap," was the answer that came out like the crack of a pistol from the small boy at the foot of the class.

CANDOUR.

WIFIE: "Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers:

"Lost—a mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."

* * * * *

A GILT-EDGED SECURITY.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

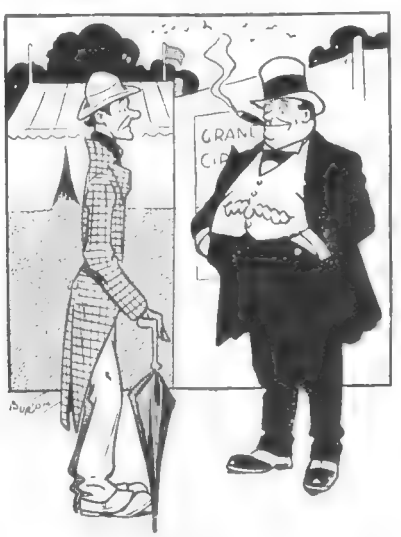
"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thocht as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot. "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."



NOTHING DOING.

"I want to undertake a three weeks' fast. What salary would you give?"

"I can't afford any salary. But I don't mind paying for your keep!"

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Wife: "You say you shot the duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it."

Husband (who had not thought of it): "Well-er-my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and, perhaps, the fall killed it."

A CONSCIENTIOUS STUDENT.

Johnny is seated at the piano reading.

JOHNNY'S MOTHER (from above): "Johnny, why aren't you practising?"

JOHNNY: "I am, ma."

JOHNNY'S MOTHER: "Well, I don't hear anything."

JOHNNY: "Well, I'm practising the pauses."

* * *

AN EXPLANATION.

HE: "I cannot express to you my gratitude for your kindness in giving me the first dance last evening."

SHE: "Well, you see, it was a charity ball."

* * *

THE JURYMAN WAS RIGHT.

A funny story is related of a juryman, who outwitted a judge, and that without telling an untruth. He came breathlessly into the court.

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter."

"Dear, me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked:

"How's your wife?"

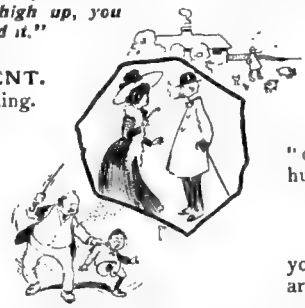
"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said that you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is a problem that time alone can solve."



Miss Gushington: "And so you were born in the country? How you must have enjoyed the game of hiding in the barn when you were a boy."

Mr. Pharmerson: "Well, no, I cannot say I enjoyed it very much. You see, my father did the hiding, and all I did was to jump and yell."

TENDERHEARTED.

LADY: "Why did you not serve the sardines as I told you?"

BIDDY: "I couldn't foind the sacred spring to owpen the tin box, and I had to break it with a hatchet; and when I lefted the lid, mum, the poor things were fast asleep iver so close to one another, that I hadn't the heart to roast them, as waz my intintion."

* * * * *

THE ONE OMISSION.

PASSER: "Ah, good-morning! How has your father been since I saw you last?"

PAT: "Niver a change, sor. He's loomberin' around wid the owld complaint."

PASSER: "Does the doctor give him any hope?"

PAT: "No, sor. An', be jabers, Oi belave that's about the only thing he hasn't given him."

* * * * *

THE BRIDE'S DILEMMA.

At a small country church a newly-married couple were just receiving some advice from the elderly vicar as to how they were to conduct themselves and so always live happily.

"You must never both get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife whenever an occasion arises; and a wife must love, honour, and obey her husband, and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir——" pleaded the young bride.

"I haven't finished yet," remarked the clergyman. "She must——"

"But, please sir," in desperation, "can't you alter that last part? My husband is going to be a postman."

* * * *

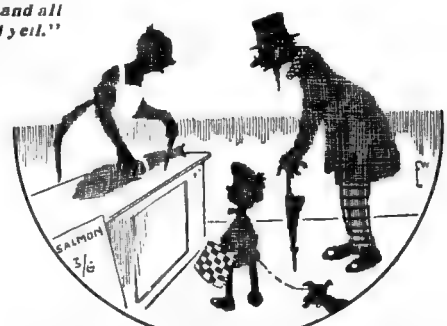
FIRST HAND EVIDENCE.

GENTLEMAN (to cigar dealer): "Have you any so-and-so brand in stock? How are they?"

DEALER: "First-class, sir. This last lot is an extremely fine one."

GENTLEMAN (departing): "Thanks. You wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day."

* * * *



"Splendid colour, isn't it?" asked the fishmonger, cutting open a salmon.

"Yes," replied the purchaser; "looks as if it were blushing at the price you ask for it."

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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AUSTRALIAN LADY'S 5-STONE REDUCTION.

Remarkable Permanent Decrease.

The Antipon Company have received letters of thanks from the remotest corners of the earth, for the fame of Antipon is universal. These letters are always open to inspection at the offices of the Company, who grant this permission the more readily because it is their invariable custom to refrain from publishing the names of their grateful and appreciative correspondents. The Australian lady who forwards the Antipon Company the remarkable testimonial we here reproduce refers them to a chemist of her town in proof of the truth of her statements. The chemist's name is Mr. Symons, of East Street, Rockhampton, Queensland. Here is his customer's testimony:—

"Rockhampton, Queensland,
"Australia, Dec. 22nd, 1908.

"Sir,—I think it my duty to let you know the good your Antipon has done me. February last I weighed 20 stone. I started to take Antipon and lost 5 stone in less than 6 months. That was the beginning of August, and I have not regained one ounce. I have not taken any since then, but I should like to go down to 12 stone. . . . I have felt so well since I lost all that useless fat; now I can go out: before I never went out. People wonder, and I let them wonder, except the fat ones, and I tell them all about it. Trusting all stout people will try Antipon and feel as thankful and as well as I do,

"I remain, yours truly,
(Signed), "A. E. K——."

The above authentic case is only one out of many hundreds of wonderful cures effected by Antipon, which, it cannot be too often stated, has the supreme virtue of suppressing the sometimes apparently hopeless tendency to grow heavier and heavier every day. There's new life in Antipon: with each day's treatment there is a perceptible renewal of vigour and health, as well as a gradual return to normal weight and beauty of form. If you are stout do not neglect to try Antipon: it is the very thing you require, and the simple and harmless treatment will not interfere with your habits or avocations. There are no troublesome food restrictions to worry you.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., in every part of the world.

The *Graphic* says:—"A wonderful specific in the treatment of corpulence is Antipon, which causes a daily diminution of fat until normal weight is attained. The cure is lasting, and the treatment is harmless. The tonic effects of Antipon are wonderful: the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, the blood purified, and the muscles strengthened."

THE DOOMED DIRECTOIRE.

Is it true that the "Directoire" fashion is doomed? According to latest advices from Paris, the craze has not been profitable to the dressmakers, who have risen in revolt, and those of London are in agreement with their French rivals. So there will be a new figure for women. A rapid return to the "hour-glass" figure is predicted. The waist is to be longer and its circumference smaller, while the hips are to be broader. How will this new style affect the stout woman, who has been having a trying time with the Directoire garb? Anyhow, stout ladies know that they have a good friend in Antipon, the pleasant and harmless treatment for the permanent cure of over-stoutness, the method of fat-reduction which has delighted so many thousands of ladies by restoring slimness and strength simultaneously.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should there be any difficulty, may be had (on sending remittance), privately packed, carriage paid, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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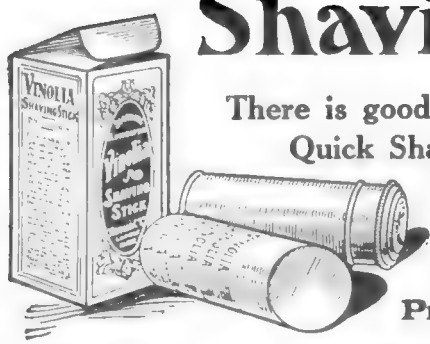
Take your razor into partnership with

VINOLIA

Shaving Stick



There is good business to be done in Quick Shaves—Easy Shaves—Clean Chins and Healthy Skins.

Soothing—Emollient—Antiseptic.

Price 1/- Miniature, **3d.**

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AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

CUSTOMER: "I want some kind of a door spring; one that won't get out of order."

HARDWARE DEALER: "A door spring?"

CUSTOMER: "Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open it."

HARDWARE DEALER: "Hem."

CUSTOMER: "And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches."

DEALER: "I see"

CUSTOMER: "And when the door closes I don't want it to bang to like a catapult, with a crash that shakes the house from its foundations."

DEALER: "Yes; you want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently."

CUSTOMER: "That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it."

DEALER: "No, of course not. You want something simple, yet strong and effective."

CUSTOMER: "That's the thing; something that can be put on or taken off easily; something that will do its work quietly yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order."

DEALER: "I see. I know exactly what you want, sir, just exactly."

CUSTOMER: "Well, show me one."

DEALER: "We don't keep door springs."

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MORE THAN HE COULD MANAGE.

HE: "If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

SHE: "Impossible."

HE: "Perhaps you don't believe I have a pistol."

SHE: "Oh, I dare say you have the pistol."

TO BE LOOKED AT.

"Of course, madam, I would not be expected to light the fire?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor to sweep the floors?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor to attend to the door?"

"Of course not."

"Nor to wait at table?"

"No, I want none of these things," said the lady, with her sweetest smile. "The only thing I require a servant for is to look at her, and for this you are far too plain."

"Whatever are you doing, Jack?"

"Well, mother, I thought that as Molly was having a tea-fight, I'd be father returned from the city, and kiss all round."

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

VISITOR: "Well, Tommy, what will you be when you grow up?"

TOMMY (aged nine): "A soldier."

VISITOR: "But you will be in danger of getting killed."

TOMMY: "Who'll kill me?"

VISITOR: "Why, the enemy."

TOMMY: "Then I'll be the enemy."

* * * * *

AN EXPLANATION.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day."

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A FACT.

MRS. PARVENUE: "That picture in the corner is by an old master."

MRS. SWARTLEIGH: "Indeed! I would never have guessed it."

MRS. PARVENUE: "Yes: the man I bought it from gave me a written guarantee that the painter was past seventy-five before he did a stroke of it."

* * * * *

IT PUZZLED HER.

It was her first visit to the city, and she was naturally much interested in everything she saw.

"Still, I wouldn't live here for the world," she said.

"Wouldn't live here?" exclaimed her city friend.

"No, indeed I wouldn't."

"But think of the theatres and the opera."

"Very nice, of course," admitted the country girl, "and I would like to come to the city and see and hear them, but I wouldn't live here, just the same."

"Think of the big shops and the facilities for shopping," persisted the city girl.

"I have."

"And the social gaiety."

"It's all very enjoyable, but I'd rather live in the country."

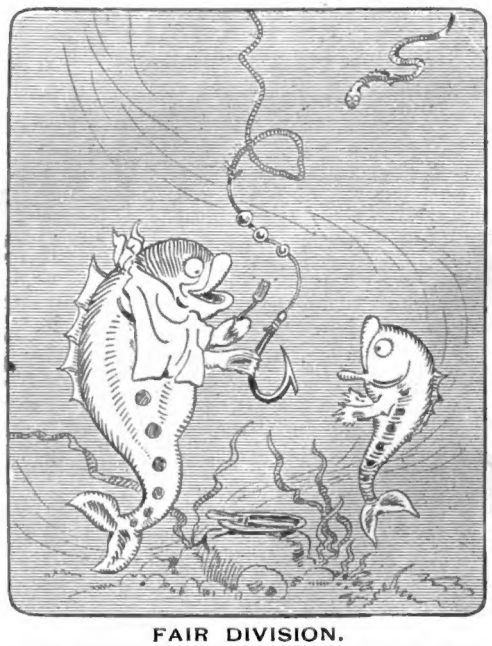
"But we have more of the comforts and luxuries of life; more of everything that makes life worth living."

The country girl shook her head.

"You lack the best thing of all," she said decidedly. "I don't see how you ever get married."

"Married? I don't understand you," returned the city girl.

"Where do you do your courting?" asked the country girl. "I don't believe I have seen a front gate to swing on during the whole time I have been here."



FAIR DIVISION.

Big Fish (to Little One): "Look here, Mr. Tiny, I've eaten the dinner, but I don't mind letting you have the toothpick."

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NOTHING DOING.

CHOLLY: "Doctor, I want something for my head."

DR. GRUFFLY: "My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

* * * * *

IT STOOD THE STRAIN.

"Thomas," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "can you give me a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions?"

"Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker. "My aunt gained a hundred pounds in flesh in less'n a year, an' her skin didn't crack a bit."

FORESTALLING HER.

HUSBAND: "Our little boy is ill, doctor, so please come at once."

PHYSICIAN: "I can't get round much under an hour."

HUSBAND: "Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on 'What to do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!"

* * * * *

THE C.-IN-C.

The insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the care-worn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the master of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the master?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door; "I'm only the husband of the master. Step in. I'll call the master."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the master," repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please. Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' master?" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance agent asked her the question. "Indade Oi'm not! Sure, here comes th' master, now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming towards the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent when the lad came into the kitchen, "are you the master of the house?"

"Want to see the master?" answered the boy. "Well, you just come with me."

Wearily the insurance agent climbed up the stairs. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy, "that's the real master of this house."

* * * * *

THE TRUTHFUL FARMER.

A summer visitor who was trying a horse, the property of a farmer, with a view to buying him, noticed that after driving a few miles the animal pulled very hard, requiring a firm hand and constant watching. "Do you think this is just the horse for a lady to drive?" he inquired doubtfully.

"Well," answered the owner, with an air of great candour, "I must say I shouldn't really want to be the husband of the woman who could drive that horse."

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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Society Hostess: "Oh do, dear Herr Bauer, sing that delightful new song you sang so charmingly the last time you were here. I am so fond of it."
Herr Bauer: "Pardon, madame, I haf just sung it."

WHERE HE FAILED.

PROFESSOR (to medical student): "Mr. Doselets, will you please name the bones of the skull?"

STUDENT (perplexed): "I've got them all in my head, professor, but I can't think of the names at the moment."

* * * * *

TOO LATE.

He gazed around in mute despair,
With sorrow-stricken face,
Some other man who'd come before
Was happy in his place.

'Twas no use waiting there, he thought,
And found no cause to stay,
As hollow-eyed he sadly watched
The last train fade away.

Dorothy Harrison.

* * * * *

FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

The provincial barber remarked on the sparcity of his customer's hair.

"Have you ever tried our special hair wash?" he said expectantly.

"Oh, no, it wasn't that that did it," was the crushing reply.

* * * * *

NO EXCUSE.

PRISONER: "It is difficult to see how I can be a forger, your worship. Why, I can't even sign my own name."

JUDGE: "You are not charged with signing your own name."

HER FAMILY PECULIARITY.

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Have ye any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?"

MRS. KELLY: "And phwat's ancistors, Mrs. O'Brien?"

MRS. O'BRIEN: "Why, people you have sprung from."

MRS. KELLY (impressively): "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien. I come from the royal shtock of Donaghues thot shpring from nobody—they shpring at them."

* * * * *

HALF-PRICE.

My little niece and I together strolled,
Intent on shopping, thro' the town one day,
"Uncle! . . I want a baby—six months old . ."
She said. "And will there be a lot to pay?"

I scarce had time to wish myself at home
(It was an awkward fix you will agree!)
When "There's the place," she cried, "the Hippodrome!
"We'll get one now . . *children half-price*, you see!"

R. Mertun.

* * * * *

WHAT MADE IT RESTLESS?

The poetical young man with the soulful eyes was walking with his matter-of-fact brother by the brookside.

"How the stream tosses in its slumber!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered the brother, "and you would, too, if your bed was full of stones."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

A Word or Two of Gossip.

A PRIZE COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TEN POUNDS IN PRIZES.

It suddenly dawned on me before going to press with this number that the outside cover would look none the worse for the addition of some more colours, and as it was too late to make any such addition myself, why not, I said, appeal to my younger readers? Get the boys and girls who read THE ROYAL to colour the design to the best of their ability—and offer ten pounds in prizes for what we consider the best results. An excellent idea, don't you think?

What you have to do is this: Consider what colours tone best with the green already on the cover and paint the children's dresses and any other part of the design you think you can improve, tear off the cover and send it in to the Art Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

This competition is open to all boys and girls under seventeen. Write your name and address and state your exact age on the back of the cover, as the Editor will take age into consideration as well as artistic merit when judging the results.

The prizes for what the Editor considers the three best results are £5, £3, and £2.

All pictures must be sent in not later than April 19th.

The Editor's decision is final.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, PLEASE!

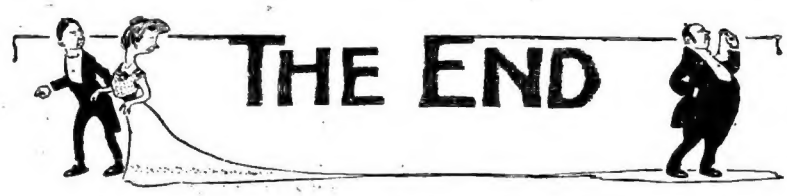
I wish the lady—I say lady because of the handwriting—who sends me letters beginning "Your Royal Highness" and signs them "X + Y" would reveal her identity. For some time past she has sent me charming and instructive letters of criticism on the contents of each fresh number of THE ROYAL. I receive many such, of course; but these are singular in their remarkable journalistic insight and acute critical acumen, not to mention the attractive individuality which the general style of the letters betrays. These messages have been very helpful and amusing to me, and I should be glad of an opportunity for thanking the gracious *incognita*.

PAUL BECK AGAIN.

Readers will remember with pleasure Mr. Paul Beck, the good-natured, commonplace-looking detective, whose wonderful adventures and ingenious captures Mr. M. McDonnell Bodkin so graphically described in these pages.

Once more has this redoubtable man come before the public. Mr. Bodkin has just issued a new volume, entitled "The Capture of Paul Beck" (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.), which sets forth a more striking and intricate adventure than any that has yet fallen to the lot of the famous detective.

In this book Paul Beck's wits are pitted against those of Dora Myrl, a lady no less famous than Beck in detecting crime. She, by the way, is another of Mr. Bodkin's creations. They both work at unravelling the same mystery, and although Beck triumphs, his triumph results in his capture—matrimonially. More I will not say—perhaps I have said too much already—but I can assure all admirers of Paul Beck and all lovers of a really good detective story that the book is very well worth reading.



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